

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1914.

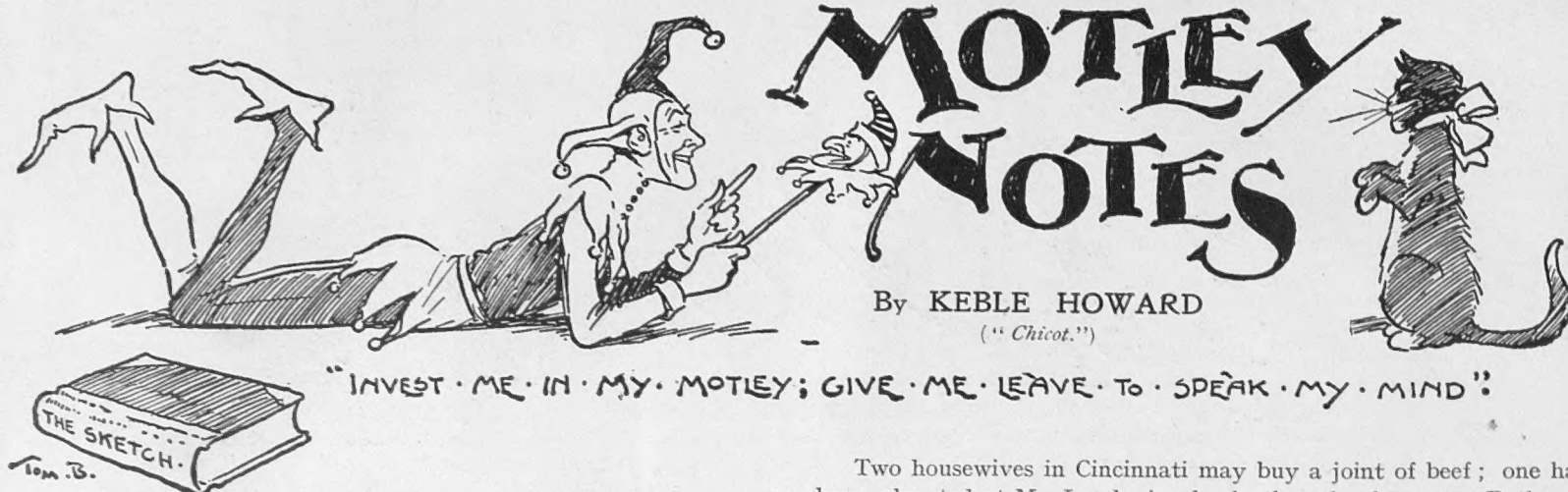
SIXPENCE.



DOUBTLESS, A DRESS CALLED SCANTY IN VOLUME: Mlle. ALICE DE TENDER AS THÉANO IN "APHRODITE."

As we note under our page of dresses from the production, the costumes of "Aphrodite," at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, have been described as daring in design and obviously scanty in volume.

Photograph by Manuel.



A School for Brides.

Some years ago, in these Notes, I ventured to suggest that somebody or other should start a school for wives. I now learn, with considerable gratification, that the idea has been taken up in Cincinnati.

"The Cincinnati educational department," writes the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "proposes to start a school for brides, where future housewives may learn the elements of their craft, and to that extent make happy husbands. It is the belief of Mr. London, Superintendent of Schools at Cincinnati, that untold matrimonial misery, paving the way to separation and divorce, arises from the ignorance of the young wife, and that a six-months course under qualified instructors would wonderfully improve a woman's natural talent for keeping house and making a comfortable home."

I congratulate Mr. London on being the first in the field. I could have wished that some educational authority in England had taken the initial step, but it is not the habit of English people to take initial steps. At any rate, not in matters that affect the happiness and well-being of the country at large. We are great explorers; we are prepared to spend any amount of money and to risk our lives in exploration; but we are very slow to reform the abuses within our midst. That is why Mr. London is before us with his School for Brides.

Perhaps, however, my suggestion was not taken seriously in this country. I am glad that, in Cincinnati, they have sufficient sense of humour to take a Jester seriously.

The Curriculum.

Let us examine into Mr. London's curriculum. "After taking a course, the bride-to-be will be qualified to cater for a family, locate a leak in a water-pipe, mend a broken door-knob, put up a shelf, scrub, wash, iron, market, give first aid to an injured member of the family, darn stockings, lay a table in the most appropriate fashion, and, best of all, aid her husband by preventing the frightful waste which Mr. London describes as characteristic of the American household."

This is an exhaustive curriculum—rather too exhaustive, to my mind. I do not see that a wife should be called upon to locate a leak in a water-pipe, to mend a broken door-knob, or to put up a shelf. If the water-pipe bursts whilst her husband is out—a very unlikely thing to happen—she should send for the plumber. It is customary, I know, to poke mild fun at the professional plumber, but even he surely knows more about water-pipes than the amateur plumber. As for mending broken door-knobs and putting up shelves, those are matters that can easily wait until the husband comes home.

Probably the most important class in Mr. London's school will be the catering class. Here is the weakest spot, as a rule, in the young wife's equipment.

The Art of Catering.

The art of catering does not, as many housewives imagine, begin and end with the ordering of food in a reasonable quantity and variety. Half the art of catering lies in knowing how to deal with your tradesmen. A tradesman, let it be granted, is a good and upright man who would not do a dishonest thing for any sum of money in the world. But it requires a very delicate judgment, on occasion, to decide between what is honest and what is dishonest. Judgment is so apt to be biased by external circumstances, such as the demand of the tradesman's wife for a new coat, or the advent of a new baby, or an increase in rent. It is the part of the good caterer, therefore, to help the tradesman to keep his judgment clear and sound by showing him that she well knows the difference between good and bad.

Two housewives in Cincinnati may buy a joint of beef; one has been educated at Mr. London's school; the other has not. Both will buy a joint of beef, and both will get beef; but the former will get a very much better piece of beef for the same money than the latter. Tradesmen respect the housewife who knows. They recognise their own weaknesses, and they like a little help. "Keep me in the way I should go"; that is the interpretation of that yearning look in their eyes when a customer enters the shop. Mr. London's housewives will answer the prayer very readily and very fully. If they do not, then Mr. London will have taken fees to which he was not entitled.

The Suffering Heroine.

Miss Gertrude Kingston is one of the few people in this country who fight, year in and year out, for better taste in the plays presented to the public at London theatres, but she is rather too sweeping when she says, in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, "In London at the present moment, with the exception of 'Magic,' that comes to an end this week at the Little Theatre, there is no play that does not rely either on a bedroom scene and chiffon underclothes to attract audiences or on the excitement of 'the hunt': by it I mean that kind of melodrama that relies exclusively for excitement upon the pursuit or persecution of a woman."

I have not seen all the plays running in London at the present moment; they come and go so quickly in these days that one cannot keep pace with them. But I have seen "The Great Adventure" at the Kingsway, and I am sure there is no bedroom scene in that, nor can I remember anything about the persecution of a woman. Poor Ilam Carve is persecuted enough, and we certainly see him on a sofa, recovering from influenza or something; still, I take it that that is not what Miss Kingston meant.

I have never been able to understand why the public is so fond of seeing the heroine suffer. An experienced dramatist once said to me, "My boy, take my word for it; you'll never get a success unless you make the woman suffer."

And yet, in life as we know it, is it so very unusual for the man to suffer a little?

For the Blind.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's campaign on behalf of Braille books for the blind is meeting with such splendid success that it has no need of help from such humble pens as mine, but I am so sympathetically interested that I cannot refrain from taking up one moment of your time, friend the reader, in drawing attention to the scheme. You have only to close your eyes for one minute after you have read these words to realise the terrible tragedy of blindness. Mr. Pearson assures us that the greatest solace to the blind is found in literature. That one can easily believe.

When we are alone, we read. At once our loneliness vanishes; if the book appeals to us strongly, we are even loth to be disturbed by a loved companion. We are away from the room in which we may be sitting or the bed in which we may be lying. We are communing with another mind. We are, above all, realising the common lot of humanity.

Imagine, then, the wonderful joy that must come to the blind reader through these Braille books. As he reads, his blindness becomes as a thing of nought. He takes his place among those who have the inestimable gift of sight. Characters come and go; scenes are enacted; the whole of the dramatic comedy of life is set in motion for him.

Help to make this movement of Mr. Pearson's, then, a great national thing by sending whatever you can afford to the Mansion House. Don't put it off. Sit down and write your cheque, or go out and buy your Postal Order.

Cast your bread upon the waters.

THE FIRST STUDIO - PORTRAIT OF HER PUBLISHED.



ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM AND WIFE OF SIR EDGAR VINCENT, K.C.M.G. :
LADY HELEN VINCENT.

Lady Helen Venetia Vincent was born in 1866, and is the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Feversham. In 1890, she married Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., half-brother of Sir William Vincent, Bt.—[*Photograph by Yevonde.*]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



M. ALEXANDER SCRIBIN—FOR WRITING MUSIC OF A KIND THAT CAN BE APPRECIATED BY THE DEAF.

For some of the music of that famous "advanced" Russian composer, M. Scriabin, Sir Henry Wood is installing at Queen's Hall a "colour organ," for representing musical effects in terms of coloured lights on a screen. Each note played produces its corresponding colour. Harmonies are shown by combined colours. The organ was devised by Professor Wallace Rimington.—Mr. J. E. B. Thornely, who is only seventeen, recently "looped the loop" on a Henry Farman biplane at the



MR. J. E. B. THORNELY—FOR NOT LETTING THE MONOPLANISTS HAVE A MONOPOLY IN LOOP-LOOPING.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER—FOR FINDING SUCH LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN MASQUERADING AS A BERLIN CRIMINAL.

Eastbourne aerodrome. He is believed to be the youngest airman to perform the feat, and he is the first Englishman to do so on a biplane. He is the son of a Cambridge Don.—Mr. Arthur Bouchier, in search of local colour for the English adaptation of a German play, "The Other," recently visited a notorious resort of criminals in Berlin with an English friend, and, with the connivance of the police, they were arrested along with the *habitués* in a raid.



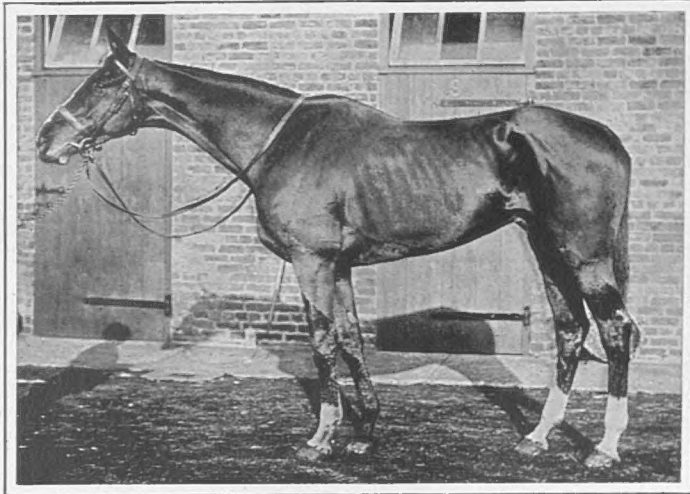
SIR HENRY WOOD—FOR INSTALLING AN ORGAN THAT PRODUCES BLUE QUAVERS AND GREEN CROTCHETS.

Photographs by McKenzie, Ellis and Walery, and Elliott and Fry.



MR. H. S. O. ASHINGTON—FOR KEEPING THE CAMBRIDGE "RECORDING" ANGEL BUSY.

Two records were made in the "Varsity Sports last week, which Cambridge won by six events to four. Mr. H. S. O. Ashington, of King's, Cambridge, jumped 23 ft. 6½ in. in the Long Jump, and Mr. G. M. Sproule, of Balliol, Oxford, won the Three Miles in 14 min. 34.4-5 sec.—Sunloch, the horse which won the Grand



SUNLOCH—FOR MAKING SOME OF HIS FORMER OWNERS "WHISTLE" BY THE WONDERFUL EASE WITH WHICH HE ROMPED HOME IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.

National, belongs to Mr. Tyler, a Leicestershire farmer, who, it is said, bought him for about £300 for a client, and eventually kept him. Sunloch was once sold for £200 and returned as a "whistler"—that is, touched in the wind—and he has been in the market for as little as £50.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



MR. G. M. SPROULE—FOR KEEPING THE OXFORD "RECORDING" ANGEL BUSY.



THE HOUSE PARTY AT KNOWSLEY—FOR FINDING THE PARTY SYSTEM AND (THE DERBY) HOME RULE LESS AGITATING THAN SOME OTHER PARTIES IN SOME OTHER HOUSES.

The King and Queen went North last Tuesday and stayed at Knowsley with the Earl and Countess of Derby until Thursday morning. On Wednesday they made a tour of visits to Chester, Port Sunlight, Birkenhead, and Wallasey. In our photograph the names are, "from left to right (sitting), Lady Eva Dugdale, Lady

Isobel Gathorne-Hardy, the Countess of Derby, the Queen, Lady Wolverton, and Mrs. Sassoon; (standing) Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest (second from the left) Colonel Holzing, the King, the Earl of Derby, Lady Victoria Stanley, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, Lord Stanley, and Major Clive Wigram.

AT THE LIVERPOOL MEETING: FAIR FOLLOWERS OF SPORT.



1. THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON.
2. VISCOUNTESS COLE, WIFE OF THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN'S ELDEST SON.
3. LADY RACHEL STUART-WORTLEY, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE.
4. THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.
5. MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY.
6. LADY GERARD.

7. THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.
8. VISCOUNTESS VILLIERS, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF JERSEY, AND MISS MARJORIE LOWTHER.
9. LADY HELEN GROSVENOR, AUNT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.
10. THE HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD, SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY, AND THE HON. LUCIA WHITE, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD ANNALY.

The state of affairs political decided the King not to attend the Grand National. For all that, there was a very fashionable gathering at the Liverpool Meeting.

Photographs by Topical.

GAITY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE fact that "The Great Adventure" has passed its second
birthday and is still running has been welcomed by some of
the very serious people as evidence of the progress of the
new drama. Perhaps this is putting it a bit high: it may be that
the play, acted as it is, would have succeeded at almost any date
within the last forty years. Still, I think at least it may be urged
that it would neither have been written nor produced twenty years
ago. However that may be, I am not concerned with these grave
questions, but merely to record the fact that Mr. Arnold Bennett's
clever adaptation of his entertaining book has reached its 400th per-
formance, although it did not celebrate its birthday by presenting
anything in the souvenir line—from which I deduce the fact that it
is still doing very good business. Few changes have been made in
the cast since the first night; fortunately, the principals still remain.
Mr. Henry Ainley gives his broadly comic, fine character-picture of
the queer artist; and Miss Wish Wynne—well, playgoers have been
in love with her as Janet Cannot from the start: fortunately, too,
her triumph has not caused her to modify her admirable perform-
ance. The whole cast is good, but one ought particularly to mention
Messrs. Gedge Twyman, Claude King, and Clarence Derwent.

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Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
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beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any
used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
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LOCALISING MUSEUMS: A CHICAGO BREWER AS DIPLOMAT: OLD INDIAN BUILDINGS.

The London Museum.

The London Museum at Stafford House is now in the very centre of the London of sightseers, and the American doing London in a day will be able to drop in there for half-an-hour on his way from Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's and the Tower. Both Paris and London have now museums devoted entirely to objects connected with their own history, and if provincial towns would follow their example it would redeem their museums from being the dreary places they generally are.

Provincial Museums.

The British provincial museum is usually a store-room for things that nobody else wants. If it possesses any pictures, they are generally a collection made by some local tradesman whose heir has looked forward with dread to their inheritance and has persuaded his father to leave them to the town. Some British towns borrow pictures from South Kensington, but they mostly depend on local generosity. In French museums, pictures are lent or given by the French Government, which annually purchases works of art at the two Salons. Liverpool has its Walker Art Gallery, but that city and one or two others are the exceptions that prove the rule. A carved Maori war-paddle, a Zulu dancing-shield, some corn from an Egyptian tomb, faded photographs of town councillors, a fetish from the Congo, and three Roman bricks from the Forum are the exhibits I generally find when I visit a country museum.

An Eccentric Diplomatist.

For many years Americans who have travelled outside their own country have agitated that the United States should possess a trained Consular Service and that their Ambassadors should be selected from the ranks of officials with diplomatic experience, and should not be chosen from men of wealth who are not used to the ways of Courts and the usages of diplomacy. The recent speech of the present United States Ambassador to London, in which his sense of humour gained the upper hand, has been criticised unfavourably in his own country; and at the present time there is in the Near East an American Minister accredited to the Balkan States whose free-and-easy methods with Sovereigns are giving considerable amusement to the Ministers of other countries, though his own countrymen are considerably perturbed by them.

Mr. Vopica's Way with Kings.

Mr. Vopica, the Minister in question, is a wealthy Chicago brewer, and one of the New York papers reports his doings day by day. The worthy Chicago brewer now turned diplomatist, though he is not allowed to wear a diplomatic uniform, wears a diplomatic shirt of great splendour for which he paid forty-eight shillings, and he has worn it, so he tells his fellow-countrymen, when he presented his credentials to King Charles of Roumania, to King Peter of Servia,

and to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. He carries his credentials wrapped in a little silk American flag, and is said to have been exceedingly chatty during his interviews with the Sovereigns, telling them that they should come to him if there are any further troubles in the Balkans which they wish arranged. I can hardly however, believe one tale—that when the Queen of Bulgaria asked him to accompany her on one of her visits to the hospital she received a reply that the Minister was too busy to do so at the time she suggested, but that he would telephone to her when he was free, for that is not the kind of message that even the rawest diplomatist would send to a Queen.

A Progressive Maharajah.

The ways of the Indians in India seem to be changing in some particulars, and one of these is that they are following the lead of Lord Curzon and are taking an interest in the preservation of buildings historically interesting. One of the first things an Englishman travelling in India notices is that, though the natives seem to have an abundance of money to build mosques and temples and tombs, they never seem to care to repair any of the buildings that have been put up by their ancestors, and that if a tomb that has cost many lacs of rupees becomes ruinous it is left a ruin. The Maharajah Dhiraja of Burdwan is giving his fellow-Indians a lead in this matter, for he has repaired Nur Jehan's tomb at Lahore, has given to the tomb of Akbar at Agra a lamp of similar design to that presented by Lord Curzon to the Taj, and, besides this, has replaced the rickety wooden seats in the Taj gardens by some handsome sandstone seats of Indian pattern.

The Dil Kusha of Delhi.

The Government of India is doing good work in preserving old buildings which have played their part in history. One of these which has recently become Government property is the tomb of Akbar's foster-brother, which stands close to the Kuth—that great grey and pink stone pillar which is situated some eleven miles south of

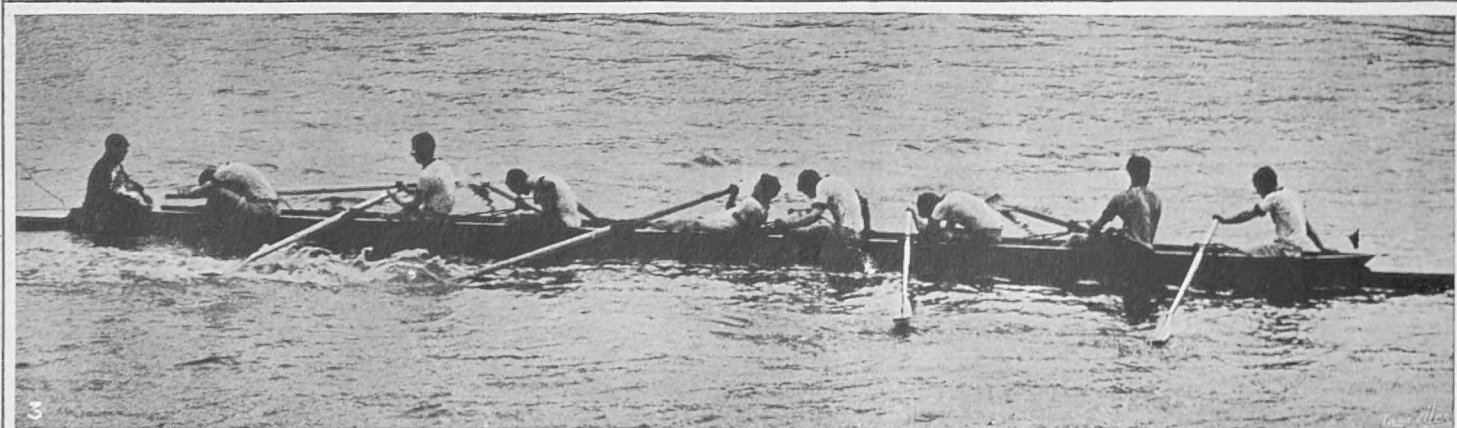


THE GERMAN IDEA OF "THE YELLOW JACKET": FRÄULEIN ELSA DALANDS AS THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE PLAY, AT THE DÜSSELDORF THEATRE.

Photograph by Hense and Spies.

Delhi. The Mogul tombs were great buildings, and served excellently as dwelling-houses. Sir Thomas Metcalfe, who also built the great Metcalfe House just outside Delhi which was burnt and pillaged by the mutineers, acquired this tomb, called it Dil Kusha, made many additions to the building, and used to live there during the four rainy months of the year. It was saved from any damage during the Mutiny, for the Emperor decided that it was to be his summer residence and sent a force out to protect it. For many years after the Mutiny, travellers visiting the Kuth and the other interesting buildings south of Delhi used to stay at Dil Kusha in preference to the Travellers' Bungalow, and its gardens formed a special attraction. It, however, became ruinous, and now all Sir Thomas's additions to the old tomb have crumbled away, and the tomb itself would have met a like fate if the Government had not intervened.

UNEXCITING: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



1. FRESH AFTER PASSING THE POST: CAMBRIDGE, THE WINNERS, AT THE END OF THE RACE.

2. ESCORTED BY MOUNTED POLICE: THE CREWS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT PUTNEY AFTER THE RACE—CAMBRIDGE WALKING BEHIND THE POLICE; OXFORD STEPPING FROM THE LAUNCH.

3. ROWED OUT AFTER PASSING THE POST: OXFORD COLLAPSE AT THE END OF THE RACE.

The Inter-University Boat-Race was won by Cambridge, who finished $4\frac{1}{2}$ lengths ahead in 20 min. 23 sec. The winners were fresh at the end of the race; the losers were rowed out. Taking it all in all, it cannot be said that the contest was exciting.

Oxford did not show the form that was in evidence during the ten days before the race. On the other hand, Cambridge were in better form than they had been since they came to Putney. Tower was particularly good at stroke. The crowd was very large.

KICKING THE BUCKET TO KEEP ALIVE AND WELL!



WHO WOULD NOT BE WRECKED TO BE SAVED IN THIS? A MAN IN THE LATEST LIFE-SAVING DEVICE.

We illustrate a new life-saving device which is the invention of a German engineer, Herr Heinrich, and has been tested successfully. The body of the invention is of water-tight canvas. There are sleeves ending in gloves. There is a porthole, with a slide which can seal it hermetically, in the top. Air enters through a tube above the head; no water can enter through this. The man or woman using the

device stands on the top of a sort of bucket, which forms the base. This bucket fills with water, and keeps the life-saver and its occupant upright. Sufficient food and drink can be taken aboard to last for a very considerable while; and signals and a revolver can be carried to attract help. Attached to the body are ropes to which two or three people can hold to keep themselves afloat.

Photograph by A. Grohs.



ANIMAL HUMOUR IN THE ANTARCTIC: THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE SCOTT EXPEDITION.

With Scott to the Pole.

In our days we tend to annihilate time and space; and if you desire to take part in an interesting time-and-space annihilation, pay a visit to the Philharmonic Hall in Great Portland Street (I wonder if there is a Little Portland Street, but I don't care), and in a few minutes—two hours or so—you can get to the South Pole and back again, making a safe, thrilling journey, with a vision of many quaint matters and vivid realisation of the awful tasks accomplished by brave men. The last impression is the strongest—the five powerful men struggling fiercely a few miles a day on the minimum of food, in a cold so far beyond our conception that words and figures give no idea of it, to reach a particular spot, and finding themselves forestalled by a few hours; then desperately trying to return, dying one, and then another, to be overwhelmed as a group within eleven miles of safety, and throughout acting unselfishly, each striving for the common good, all behaving like heroes, and earning by cruel death a deathless life.



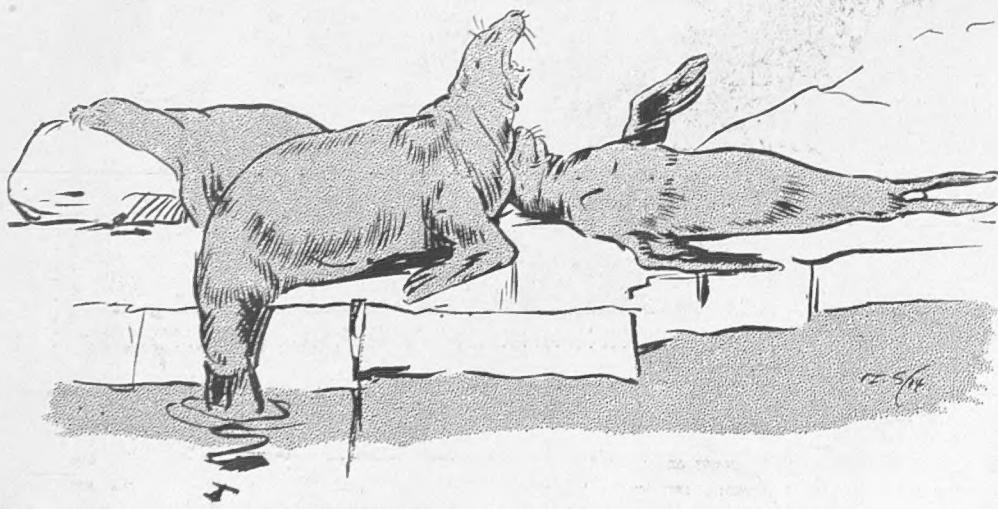
PUSS IN POLAR REGIONS: NIGGER, THE EXPEDITION CAT, PERFORMING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CREW.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

there is plenty of food for laughter on the way to the South Pole, if little food for the stomach; and yet during a big part of the journey there is eatable stuff of a sort—seal's flesh, fish like whiting, penguin-eggs (bigger than a duck's and dainty as a plover's), and seal-fat for a cooking medium; but you must take a Primus stove with you, and your cereal food and vegetables, and when you come to the open sea you should be careful about taking a bath. The water at the best is as cold as the Serpentine when the hardy winter swimmers make their annual display; and beware of the killer-whale—study him in the moving pictures by Mr. Herbert Ponting, the lecturer. He—not Mr. Pointing—is about twenty feet long, has tremendous teeth, and insatiable hunger, and he works in a pack like wolves. Mr. Ponting's cinema pictures show a thrilling drama: A mother seal on the edge of the ice, her baby in the water, and a pack of these sea-wolves approaching, looking a little like a school of porpoises save that each as it rolls exhibits a sharp,

Beware the Killer-Whale!

Not mine to write in a tragic strain, but more like Figaro, to make haste to laugh; and

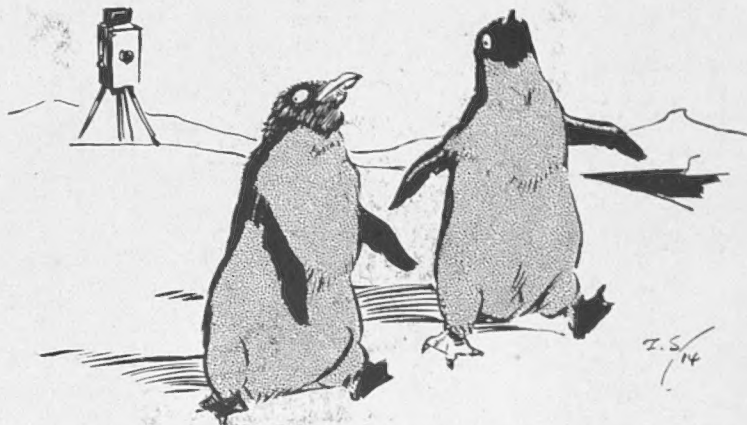


VERY TIRED! WEDDELL SEALS TAKING AN AFTERNOON NAP.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

triangular fin; poor mother seal frantically urging her little one to get on the ice, where safety is, and plunging in bravely to try and help it out. The pack comes closer and closer, her movements grow

more frantic, her courage is unabated, the leader is almost within grabbing distance, when a harpoon is fired from the good ship *Terra Nova* and strikes it—then the pictures are shut off. I wonder whether the seal escaped. The drama is quite modern, you see, with a question at the conclusion. And even if she got her baby on to the floe, the fierce cetaceans would get under the ice, and bump up to break it, in hopes of casting them into the water. They played this trick on some members of the expedition, and nearly got an interesting variety to their diet. Still, the South Pole, where land and the frozen sea that figures as land are concerned, is strangely safe: there are no white bears marauding, the seals are secure when dry, and the penguins, too, unless as babies they are snapped up by the skua gulls; and man is rare—so rare that Mr. Ponting could get within a few yards of the lumbering seals, though they seemed a little suspicious; whilst the penguins, the countless Adélie penguins, were as tame as dachshunds. The Weddell seals are not pretty—"Big, but not beautiful" is their motto—and their fur is unlovely, for which they may well thank God. Ambulatory sausages, with shiny skins and foolish heads, sometimes as much as twelve feet in length, with clumsy paddles—in the sea, as graceful as mermaids;



"WE DON'T LIKE THAT FUNNY-LOOKING PENGUIN": MEMBERS OF SOUTH POLAR SOCIETY WHO OBJECT TO BEING "SNAPPED."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

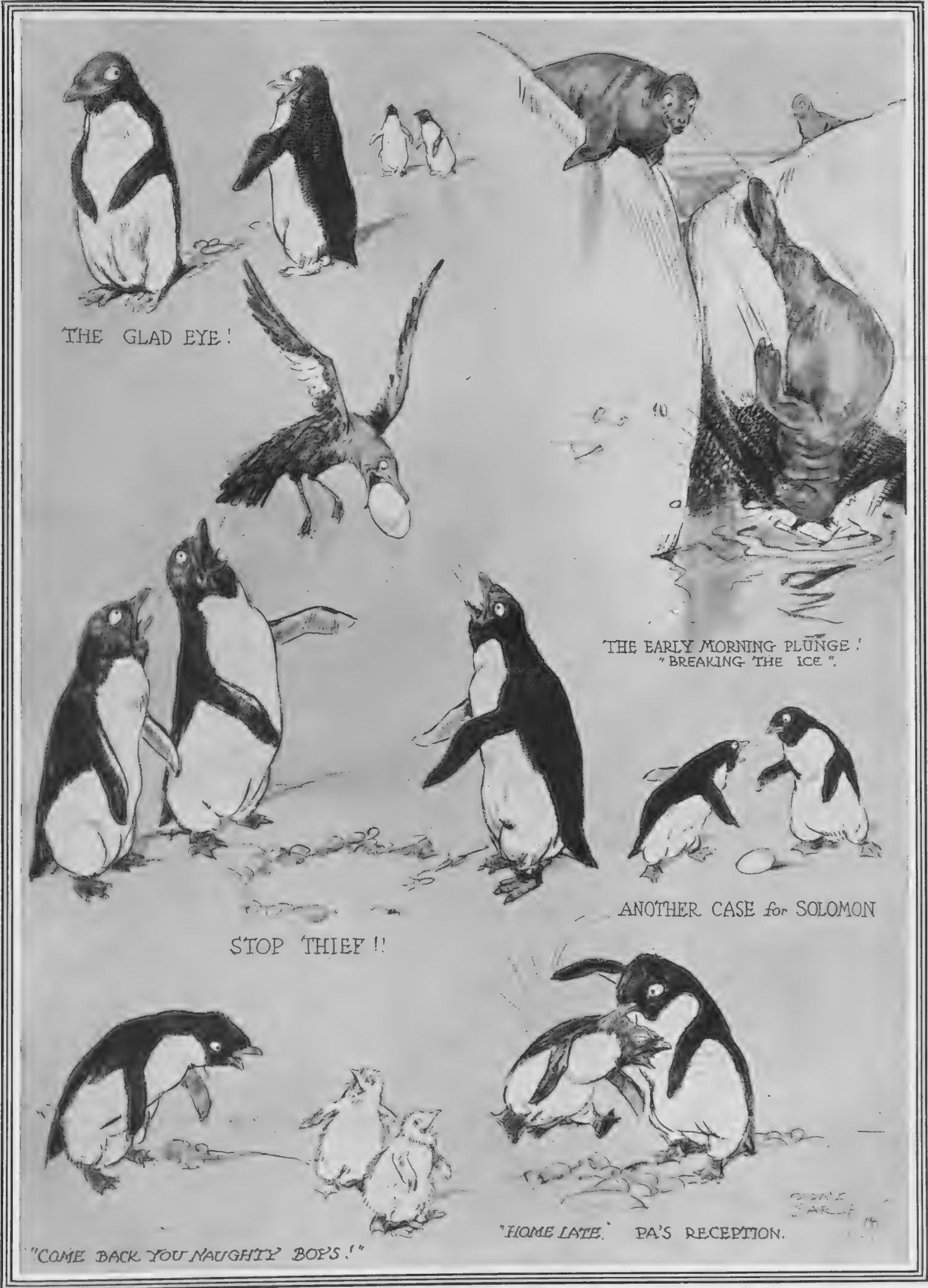
on the land, ridiculous. There are wonderful pictures of them solving the difficult question of getting on to the ice—a formidable task when it is thick—which they accomplish by scraping an inclined plane from the water upwards with their big white teeth: what a noble toothache some of us would get over such a job!

The Comedians of the South Pole.

Did you ever read "*L'Île des Pingouins*," Anatole France's brilliant, appalling, satirical history of the human race—or rather, a human race, at one time French, but towards the end apparently American—which begins with a mistake of the purblind Saint Maël, who blessed and baptised a colony of penguins, believing them to be human beings, with the result that it became necessary to render them human? A terribly comic book, yet to the simple-minded not half so funny as the penguins themselves appear in Mr. Ponting's pictures. No doubt the penguins of Saint Maël were the emperor penguins—relatively big fellows—whilst those photographed by Mr. Ponting, the low-comedians of the South Pole, are only about twenty inches high, but irresistibly comic, whether making love, or making war, or making nests, or making speeches in their quaint parliaments: flightless birds that lay a couple of eggs in a nest of stones, which they have to guard carefully from the skua gulls. Brave, affectionate little monogamists, also greedy and thievish, though there is little to steal except stones from other nests; on the whole, peaceable. Indeed, I am inclined to think that St. Maël was quite right to baptise them—they seem better Christians than most that I am acquainted with. And even now I have forgotten to write about the pictures of the dogs and the ponies, and the fascinating studies of the ship breaking the ice as though she were a living being, and the tent life, and the midnight sun pictures, and the scores of other wonderful things to be seen whilst Mr. Ponting is delivering his interesting lecture.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: ANTARCTIC LOW COMEDY.



"AMBULATORY SAUSAGES" AND FLIGHTLESS BIRDS "IRRESISTIBLY COMIC": WEDDELL SEALS AND ADÉLIE PENGUINS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

In his article opposite, on Mr. Ponting's film-pictures of life in the Antarctic as seen by the Scott Expedition, now being shown at the Philharmonic Hall in Great Portland Street, "Monocle" describes the Adélie penguins as "the low-comedians of the

South Pole," and the Weddell seals as "ambulatory sausages." Luckily for the latter, he points out, their fur is unlovely, and there are no bears, though they have to look out for the killer-whales. The skua gull steals penguins' eggs.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



LORD WEMYSS.

"THE cock of Lord Elcho's hat, one of the finest things we have!" exclaimed Matthew Arnold years ago. That hat is still cocked; perhaps, in a world that is losing its head in a variety of ways, we may endorse the whole of Arnold's statement. Lord Wemyss is ninety-six; and if Lord Rosebery is correct in thinking that the secret of his perennial youth lies in his vivid and burning enthusiasm for what is right, there is no end to him!

Francis Charteris. At Oxford he had many admirers, among them Ruskin, who writes: "Next to Acland in my æsthetic choice of idols, which required primarily of man or woman that they should be comely, came Francis Charteris. I have always held Charteris the most ideal Scotsman, and on the whole the grandest type of the European Circassian race hitherto visible to me. His subtle, effortless, inevitable, unmalicious sarcasm gave a natural, and therefore inoffensive, hauteur to his delicate beauty." Even in the mid-century days of long and rambling whiskers he was handsome—a Greek original translated into the Victorian without great loss of quality.

The Cigars.

One early recollection is of a political platform, a hostile crowd, and the imperturbable young man. For a time nobody would listen to him; to see him trying to speak, and harassed, was more fun than to hear him speaking. But they counted without their man; he, too, enjoyed the interruption, seeming no more anxious to begin his address than they to let him. His hand had wandered, in the meantime, into his capacious pocket and found there an ample supply of cigars. These he began to toss with the greatest good-humour to the noisy people below him. The crowd caught the cigars, and the spirit behind them. Without asking for it, he got a hearing.

The Pink of Form. He could do what he liked with anyone, said Ruskin—"at least, with anyone of good-humour and sympathy." Ruskin, the greatest of prose stylists, was conquered by the young man whose style was in his gait, his voice, his eye, rather than in his writing. "When one day," we read in "Præterita," "the old Sub-Dean was coming out of Canterbury gate at the instant Charteris was dismounting at it in forbidden pink, and Charteris turned serenely to him, as he took his foot out of the stirrup, to inform him he had been out with the Dean's hounds, the old man and the young were alike pleased."

His Mark. "Charteris never failed in anything, but never troubled himself about anything," continues his Oxford friend. Naturally of high ability and activity, he did all he chose with ease—"neither had falls in hunting, nor toil in reading, nor ambition nor anxiety in examination—nor disgrace in recklessness of life." He was partly checked, Ruskin thought, and even in some measure weakened, by hectic danger in his constitution. To this danger Ruskin ascribed his friend's failure "to make

his mark in after life." Such a verdict reads unconvincingly to-day, for the high colour—the continued high colour—of Lord Wemyss's cheek is no longer taken to signify any sort of weakness; and we have had time to learn that he has indeed succeeded in the things he cared about. He has, in a real sense, made his mark. It is his mark, as personal as his physique or his own fastidious handwriting. The hauteur that Ruskin explains away so neatly has, rather than any constitutional weakness, kept him from leadership in a democracy. He can toss cigars to a shouting mob, but it would come far less easily to him to ask for matches. One of his latter-day speeches in the House of Lords took the form of a protest against the Seats for Shop Assistants Bill, which appeared to him as "a trifling, humanitarian, rather hysterical measure, unworthy of Parliament."

The Volunteer. For one popular movement he was largely responsible. Though he maintains the Volunteer Force has no master-builder, and that "Ranelagh, Spencer, Westminster, C. Lindsay, Tom Hughes (alias Tom Brown), Lord

Donegal, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Cowper, and a host of others, alike in country and town, and notably Colonel Davidson and my friend Lord-Advocate Moncreiff in Edinburgh," were all as important as himself, he and his shield fill the popular fancy in regard to the history of the movement. He it was who rebelled against the red coat—"Of all god-forsaken colours for soldiers the most god-forsaken: a better target no marksman can wish for than soldiers thus clothed"; and it was he who for a week wandered round all the tailor shops of London looking for the right colour and material, and testing, by tearing, the shoddiness or



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

Francis Wemyss-Charteris-Douglas, eighth Earl of Wemyss and March, who sits in the House of Lords as Baron Wemyss, dates his title from 1633 and 1697. He was born on Aug. 4, 1818, and succeeded in 1883. He has been Scottish Lord of the Treasury, M.P. for East Gloucestershire and for Haddingtonshire; and is an Ensign-General of the Royal Company of Archers. In 1843, he married Lady Anne Anson (died 1896), daughter of the first Earl of Lichfield; in 1900, he married Grace, daughter of the late Major Blackburn.—[Photograph of Lady Wemyss by Lafayette.]

otherwise of the goods on the counter, until at last, in Jermyn Street, he found the grey material that pleased him.

First and Last Things.

He condescended to details. He it was who insisted on a loose fit for the volunteering uniform; he adopted as an awful warning the case of an Aide-de-Camp whose breeches were so tight that he split them three times in getting on his horse. He it was, too, who refused to take on the established order of drilling, of which one of the rules was that the men should be as closely packed as possible, and that, above all things—this was a *sine qua non*—the little finger should rest on the seam of the trousers. He invented a bayonet; and was really happy in camp. He has written of "those happy, happy days at Wimbledon, when I and my wife went and lived a rough-and-ready life, with evening spent round a fire in a hollow adjoining the Victoria Rifles Tent, where song and the great pannikin went cheerily round." "To these festivities," he continues, "West-End 'swells' used to stream down, Duchesses included, and I have seen a long string of carriages on our wild common, which up till then had been the nightly habitat of the gipsy and the night-hawk." Since then, Botticelli and grand-daughters-in-law have been found more interesting. But the cock of the hat is the same.

A BULLY COURAGE TEST! LIVING STATUE VERSUS BEAST.



1. AMATEUR—IN PERU: A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN STANDING STOCK-STILL TO AWAIT A BULL'S CHARGE, AND TO CAUSE THE BEAST TO RETREAT BAFFLED—THE BULL CHARGES.

With regard to the first photograph, a correspondent sends us a cutting from the "West Coast Leader." This reads: "Mr. G. H. Barrell, employed in Messrs. W. R. Grace and Co.'s Lima offices, recently impersonated Don Tancredo at an amateur bull-fight. The 'Leader' does not usually chronicle bull-fighting events, but makes an exception in this instance to record the exploit of a young Englishman, who has been in Peru but a year, and entered the ring for the first time to take up a part requiring considerable daring and courage. The bull, with his usual taurine fury

2. PROFESSIONAL—IN SPAIN: A BULL-FIGHTER POSING AS A STATUE IN THE RING—THE BULL DEPARTS, CONFOUNDED BY THE STILLNESS OF THE MAN.

when released from his cage, made a rush up to the ghostly figure of young Barrell serenely posed in the centre of the ring; and at the foot of the double-barrelled monument! (for the hero was standing on a barrel) the bull planted himself and snorted and glared first at the figure, then at the silent spectators, and then he beat a retreat, after which Mr. Barrell descended from his pedestal with the utmost composure, amid the cheers of the spectators." The second photograph shows a similar incident in Spain, in which a professional bull-fighter was the central figure.

Photograph No. 2 by Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

KING EDWARD was so confirmed a peacemaker that he tried even to bring about a good understanding between the Englishman and his weather. Taking all things into count, heat and cold alike, his Majesty patriotically declared that the English climate was, all round, the most temperate in the world—that Englishmen were neither scorched nor frozen, summer or winter. Perhaps the wettest March in memory might have damped this ardour for our skies. Anyway, Mr. Max Beerbohm has been writing from under a blue dome in Italy to say that the Englishman is a grumbler because his climate gives him so much cause for grumbling. The tent of the heavens makes us contents or malcontents in daily life. Therefore Max rejoices that he does not for the moment dwell in England. But his friends say that the sun of the South does not dazzle him so that he cannot keep his eye on London dames and London doings. His latest verses deal with three ladies of fashion in their latest phases; but they are verses which are not likely ever to appear in print.



MISS JEAN FLETCHER-TAYLOR, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. DRURY F. P. WORMALD WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY, MARCH 31. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher-Taylor, of Sceites, Trosley, Kent, and Lower Bedfords, Havering-atte-Bower, Essex. Mr. Wormald was in the 2nd Coldstream Guards.

Photograph by Sarony.

Miss Government, and Another.

One scuffle in the House has gone unreported. A very great lady, who shall be described as Lady X, of County Y, found herself sitting beside a Minister's daughter in the Ladies' Gallery. Miss Government thought she heard one of her father's colleagues referred to as a "cad." "You mustn't say that—he is a friend of mine," she said in a voice of no doubtful determination. "I shall say what I like," replied the other, repeating the epithet as a challenge. "Then you shan't sit on this bench," declared the young lady. Caged as they were, the animal in them seemed to come uppermost; and if they clawed not, they elbowed. Several observant Members were aware of a scuffle before the combatants were parted.

A Spanish Shower-Bath. The King of Spain has been acting as amateur guide to his English friends. In Seville, Lord and Lady Wimborne and several other travellers found him much more romantic and amusing than Baedeker; but every now



ENGAGED TO MISS MARY LEES: THE HON. JAMES BEST.

Mr. Best, who is in the India Forest Service, is the fourth son of the late Lord Wynford and of the Dowager Lady Wynford, of Charlton House, Ludwell, Salisbury.

Photograph by Swaine.

"All Will be Forgiven." Anglo-Saxons in general, and possibly Lord and Lady Wimborne in particular, are apt to think of Latins as the only people young

enough in heart to enjoy such jokes as King Alfonso's. But is that the fact? Edward VII. never laughed so much as when, at a Private View, a gentleman-in-waiting stepped backwards into the little fountain that used to stand in the centre of the old New Gallery. Neither the gentleman-in-waiting nor the gold-fish saw the fun of it, but that did not spoil the joke. It was Edward VII., too, who in his young days arranged a bucket over the bedroom-door of a consequential friend at a house-party. A message was sent to the victim to the effect that his presence was urgently desired by the Prince of Wales, and in his hurry to obey the royal command he went headlong into the trap. Highly chagrined, he packed and left the house a few hours later, only to read in his *Times* the next morning that "If B—

will return to his friends, all will be forgiven him. — Albert Edward."

For Spanish Pilgrims.

Failing King Alfonso and a shower-bath, there is another guide to Spain who makes an excellent supplement to Baedeker. Travellers, like Lady Barrymore and her daughter, who are now preparing for an Easter in Seville, have the advantage of being able to take with them Mr. Crawford Fitch's new book, "A Goya Pilgrimage." He tells one many things passed over in silence by the sober Karl in his red tomes. He discourses of chambermaids and their unsophisticated fondness for caramels, of cigarettes, and the right chair for breakfast in the cathedral squares. Most interesting is his account of Barcelona in Passion Week, with its churches filled with the din of children banging toy hammers and twirling wooden rattles. Lady Barrymore, by the way, will be in Spain till May 1.

Great Scott. The Hon. Joseph Maxwell-

Scott, of Abbotsford, who wrote a letter to the *Times* the other day, is a brother of the late Lord Herries, and had not the Herries peerage gone in the female line to the late Lord's daughter (now Duchess of Norfolk), he would have been in the running for a peerage. But if Mr. Maxwell-Scott has lost a coronet through a lady, he

has gained his name of Scott, and all that appertains to it, through a series of female successions. The great Sir Walter Scott's daughter married Lockhart, and they had a daughter who married Mr. Hope, who was Gladstone's great friend, and who took the name of Scott, in addition to his own. Of this marriage there came a daughter who married Mr. Maxwell, and who made a Scott of him—a Scott of Abbotsford. Sons as well as daughters have been born to Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, who, moreover, is the author of various books, not in the least like her great-grandfather's, but good of their sort, as was often said in the Press by her late friend, Andrew Lang.



MARRIED TO MRS. WELMAN LAST WEEK: ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT, BT.

The wedding of Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the famous gunnery expert, and Mrs. Welman, of 12, Sloane Gate Mansions, daughter of Mr. Ramsey Dennis, took place in a London registry office last week. Sir Percy's heir is his son, John d'Urban, who was born in 1900.

Photograph by Langfieri.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN JOHN BAGWELL: MISS MARY KINGAN.

Miss Kingan, whose engagement to Captain Bagwell, of Belgrove, Queenstown, is announced, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Kingan, D.L., of Glengarnagh, Bangor, Co. Down.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. JAMES BEST: MISS MARY LEES.

Miss Lees is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Elliott Lees, Bt., D.S.O., of South Lytchet Manor, Dorset, and of the Dowager Lady Lees, of 31, Eaton Square.

Photograph by Swaine.

DEPARTMENTAL HEADS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF ULSTER.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, CHAIRMAN OF
THE CENTRAL AUTHORITY.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE MILI-
TARY COUNCIL.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE PER-
SONNEL BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, MEMBER OF
THE VOLUNTEER ADVISORY BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, MEMBER OF
THE TRANSPORT BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE FINAN-
CIAL BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE RAIL-
WAY BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, MEMBER OF THE
PUBLICATION AND LITERARY COMMITTEE.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, MEMBER OF
THE FINANCE AND BUSINESS COM-
MITTEE.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE SUPPLY
BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE MEDI-
CAL BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, MEMBER OF
THE CUSTOMS, EXCISE, AND POST
OFFICE COMMITTEE.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE LEGAL
COMMITTEE.



SIR EDWARD CARSON,
MEMBER OF THE EDU-
CATION COMMITTEE.

It is very evident that Sir Edward Carson, Leader of the Irish Unionists, has his work cut out. When the Ulster Unionist Council perfected its scheme for the Provisional Government of Ulster in the event of the Home Rule Bill being passed, a list of names was published of those chiefly concerned. Sir Edward

Carson was chosen as Chairman of the Central Authority for the Provisional Government, and also to fill the offices mentioned above. Except in the case of the Military Council, he heads each list. We need scarcely add that his other activities are those of M.P., K.C., P.C.—[Photographs by Voigt.]



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

I WONDER whether I am peculiar in that I wince at the reading of the letters I wrote years ago. They may be about nothing in particular, the sentiments they express and the events they describe may be entirely creditable, but there is something about them that is distasteful. Their very paper has an old-fashioned air out of sympathy with one's feelings to-day, but, more than that,



SEQUEL TO ANOTHER BATTLE OF THE BOYNE! SIR WILLIAM ROUSE-BOUGHTON, BT., JUST AFTER LANDING A SALMON ON THE BLACKCASTLE STRETCH OF THE RIVER.

Photograph by Poole.

as one lives one forces oneself, or is forced, to alter, and these old letters show one to oneself as one was; they reveal one's essential character; they remind one of all one's choked ambitions and one's old habits; to read them has much the same effect as seeing one's profile unexpectedly in a tailor's mirror.

Last night a friend gave me a letter I had written on Nov. 23, 1893—twenty years and a half ago. It is on the designed paper of the *Review of Reviews*, and brought back crowded memories of those days when W. T. Stead went nearest to making a monthly magazine an efficient substitute for an evening paper as a vehicle for his ideas. They were stirring times. My own interests were more literary than political; certainly I cared more for books and pictures than for the transgressions of Sir Charles Dilke, the possible consolidation of the English-speaking peoples, or the future of Mr. Rhodes's policies. I suppose it was being borne in upon me that, with all his magnificent conceptions of ends, my Chief had a very poor conception of means . . . I am not proud of my youthful carelessness.

In those days, too, there were rebels in art. The portals of the Bodley Head were opened wide to young intelligence. Mr. Arthur Symonds was writing of the ballet and singing his *Juliets* of a night; Mr. A. B. Walkley was contributing not to the *Times* but to the *Star*; *Dégas* and *Monet* were first being talked about in London; *les jeunes* were very young and thought continually of Paris; one heard to the point of boredom of Mallarmé and Verlaine, and of the fact that while the English writers were craftsmen the French were artists.

And the letter that came back to me after more than a score of years was about Verlaine. In those days, in the Charing Cross Road, where now the Hippodrome stands, was a public-house, The Crown, whose saloon bar, a cosy little room, was, after the Empire and the Alhambra were closed, a meeting-place for poets, writers of short stories influenced by Maupassant, members of the Church and Stage Guild, artists. His admirers had brought Verlaine from Paris to lecture, and after the lecture they had brought him to The Crown as, one may suppose, the one place in London where a literary atmosphere could be

assured. My letter reminds me that I was forewarned of his likely presence, and I had taken to see him a literary man, a man of science too, whom his admirers will recognise if I add that he is the secretary of a London bank. "Unluckily the place was crowded with irrelevant people, and Mr. ——— didn't care a damn about Verlaine and wasn't amused." The poet was stopping in Fountain Court.

His guardians and friends, it appears, were highly indignant that night because, "learning of his arrival in London, George Meredith had telegraphed that he was to be brought down to Box Hill to see him. Everyone is mad, for they say 'the cheek of asking an old man who cannot walk to come down to the country.''" The general view seems to have been that Mr. Meredith "should have come to London with hat in hand to welcome him." One amiable gentleman who since those days has grown more and more prosperous and has done in his trade worthier and worthier things was evidently very bitter on the subject. One alters one's perspective after two decades, so I won't bother about his name. "But anyhow it was very interesting, for the tavern had many ordinary loafers, but no one literary save myself who had not the claim of intimacy. Almost it took with these curious disciples in the smoke-laden bar-room an aspect of history: women were there and wine, and the man's shaggy, sordid, impressive head—and the crowd of unnoticing, unknowing drunkards at the bar. . . . They were all saying, here was an evening to be remembered, and to me, as one hardly of the circle, came one good idea. Entered a flower-girl with narcissi. Might I have the pleasure of presenting them to one of the ladies? Of course, and they were given one to each person as a memory. Then came closing-time and the poet is helped to a four-wheeler: the little knot of people all devout gives to the despatch much of a sort of official solemnity—an obscure, suggestive moment. Something was happening, thought the passers-by. What? . . . Verlaine has gone to Oxford to-day to York Powell." I read further that the gentleman who was so indignant with Mr. Meredith took



SALMON-FISHING ON THE BOYNE: SIR WILLIAM ROUSE-BOUGHTON.

Sir William St. Andrew Rouse-Boughton, twelfth Baronet of a creation dating from 1641 in the first instance, and from 1791 in the second, is a J.P. for Salop. The Boyne is considered one of the best of the Irish salmon rivers.—[Photograph by Poole.]

me back to his rooms, situate somewhat close to the offices of the late Mr. Sam Lewis, "and read and translated me much of Verlaine's poetry until an hour remote from midnight."

All very young and ingenuous on my part, of course; a letter full of the most unsuccessful preciousness and self-consciousness—but rather interesting to day, all the same.

"GRAVE MATTERS"



THE FIRST MODEL: Just fixed up a nice long job with the young feller in 'ere.

THE SECOND MODEL: Oh, what's on?

THE FIRST MODEL: 'E's goin' to put me into 'is tomb.

DRAWN BY FRANK HART.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

FADED FILMS: PITY THE POOR PUBLISHER! BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

A WEEK ago I went to a dinner at the Lyceum Club, a dinner given by Authors to Publishers. They sat at the same table, broke the same bread, ate the same salt, cracked jokes and matches together, and—nothing happened!

You are surprised and disappointed: so was I. I had been led to believe in a fiendish feud between the two races. I came expecting at the close a sort of *mêlée*, in the John Bull style. During the feast my cruel Latin blood was in ebullition. "Wait till the speeches," thought I—"ha, ha!" And the speeches came—they always do. Both publishers and authors in turn stood and delivered, and both publishers and authors were astonishingly alike! To me it was impossible to tell (but then I am a foreigner) which were the wolves and which the lambs! They did not fly at each others' throats, nor did they force their opinions therein. They just talked languidly in their tepid English way, and you would never have guessed the ghosts of royalties were haunting the banquet! It was partly the warmth and the light that did it. No wrath can exist, no rancour flare up when you are bodily happy and can see your enemy face-to-face and distinctly. To begin with, an enemy that you can see is no longer an enemy. His reality, his humanity touch you. It is easy to be unsympathetic and business-like in a letter, it is easy to write harsh things; but impossible to say them, to hear them whistling in the air like arrows slim and sure, and to see their effect in the drooping of lips, in the twitching of hands, in the pained surprise of raised eyebrows. It is very difficult to be disagreeable at close range. That is why lawyers, agents, and secretaries, however worthy they may be in persons, in practice prove themselves to be big spokes in frail wheels. To the most tactful of intermediaries, to the most diplomatic of ambassadors, a frank look, a true word, and an honest smile are preferable. That is why, in French jurisdiction, an estranged couple on the eve of a divorce are made to meet once more and alone before legal separation is granted them. And because of the power of presence, because of the eloquence and comprehension of glances, many a rebel *ménage* is melted and soldered again more effectively than by the most adroit intervention of any mediator. Of course, this is not infallible, as a kindly French judge once discovered when advising a young, modern, and determined married woman to return to her

admirable, but unbearable, bore of a husband: "Voyons, Madame, think of your children, would you then leave them?"

"Eh, Monsieur, I hope to have others—and in pleasanter collaboration than with this gentleman!"

Yes, it was partly the warmth and the light that did it; but was there really so much to be done to preserve peace between nice (though business) people? Methinks that this would-be hatred between authors and publishers is greatly fiction; or, not to talk shop, is one of those picturesque traditions with which England abounds, that sort of desperate clinging to what has been that

causes, for instance, otherwise sane Englishmen to show themselves unashamed in the public streets, in the neighbourhood of the law-courts, in white wigs too small for their skulls.

Once upon a time, perhaps, a publisher and an author warred against one another. We know not the details; Homer was dead, and the *Daily Mail* not yet born. But that the battle was terrific is proven by the vendetta that survived it. It is a faded film, like the virulence of mothers-in-law, the eagerness of girls to lasso a husband, and the dreadfulness of landladies. I knew in Paris a man of good taste who eloped with his mother-in-law; a beautiful aunt of mine refused eighteen proposals of marriage, and chose to work for her living; and I had a landlady who robbed her garden to keep gay my rooms! And publishers, poor pets, are sadly misunderstood; even their most philanthropic impulses are badly interpreted. Mr. Jenkins was telling us the

other evening how once, a man having brought him a manuscript written by a lady novelist, the benevolent publisher, interested in the budding talent of the authoress, asked encouragingly of her emissary: "How old is the lady?"

Upon which the man with the manuscript winked loudly. "Naughty boy!" said he!

As for me, who am a pacifist and unencumbered by tradition, I will confess that I just love publishers—first, because they publish; then because they have particularly comfortable arm-chairs, an excellent brand of cigarettes; because they manage to smile while pricking their fingers with the fancy lace pins that fasten your manuscript; and because, for people who have the reputation of being busy, they admirably succeed in hiding the fact from you. May they long publish and prosper!



KING MANUEL'S QUEEN AS INAUGURATOR OF THE ROYAL AMATEUR ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION—A GROUP.

Last week, Queen Augusta Victoria, wife of King Manuel, opened the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society, at Surrey House, Marble Arch, by permission of Lady Battersea, and presented the prizes to the successful exhibitors. In the front row of our group (from left to right) are the Duchess of Wellington, Queen Augusta Victoria, and the Duchess of Somerset; behind them are Lady Amphil, President of the Society, the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, and a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Augusta Victoria.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. VII.—WHEN THE WIFE TRIES TO DRAW-UP THE FIRE WITH A NEWSPAPER, REGARDLESS OF MASCULINE PROTESTS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



"A FORKED STRADDLING ANIMAL" AT LARGE IN THE WOODS: A RETURN TO NATURE.

Back to the Forest Primeval.

"My mother was born in the wilds of Canada, near the Indians, and is the most courageous person I have ever met." This was Mr. Knowles' birthday reflection, as he sat up in the morning sunshine to mark the tenth notch of the calendar-stick which was to record

his two-months' experience of primitive life. At the edge of the forest, ten days before, he had thrown away his last cigarette and undone the last button, that he might go into the wilderness as he entered the world, taking nothing in. Not even a pocket for a box of matches! At the appointed time he returned, splendidly fit, clothed, shod, bearing a pack stocked with tools, with drawings illustrative of his life (for Mr. Knowles is an artist by profession), and the material for this book.

A New Swiss Robinson.

The grown-ups who as children revelled in "The Swiss Family Robinson" will taste a delight unexpectedly renewed by Mr. Knowles' experience: how he made his first fire after three days of ceaseless rain—first the thread of smoke that answered his efforts of friction, followed by the enkindled spark blown into a flame; then those cornucopias which he used for carrying his berries, birch-bark folded,

Prey.

Trapping is another story, and may dim the joy of the adventure to the tender-hearted. Yet it is at heart a sentimental objection. Mr. Knowles was no dilettante in the wilderness. As he says, "I couldn't ask anyone to pass me the berries." Neither could he order a tender steak. He never killed except for urgency of existence; he killed as mercifully as might be. The red deer and the white fawn ate out of his hands. Partridges followed him, jealous of each other for place beside him. Nothing could have induced him to betray those friendships. But he trapped a bear, he wore its skin o' nights; he lit his fires by aid of its sinew, he ate its flesh; he killed a deer with his hands, catching him by the fore-legs and twisting his neck, thereby getting moccasins as well as food; and he shot birds with his fire-tried bow and arrow. As to trout—let the *Fishing Gazette* take note—it is "the simplest thing in the world" to catch them with the bare hand. Our author constantly remarks on the renewal of vigour such food gave him between his diet of berries and roots. And salt, though he missed it badly as a flavour, did not prove a necessity to health.

The Best and the Worst of the Wilderness.

In a moment of idleness by the fire Mr. Knowles rolled a couple of cigarettes. He says they were very good cigarettes, and little to choose in looks between them and some gilt-stamped brand—they consisted of bark rolled in white-wood leaves, but the habit of them staled in the new life. There was simply no room for them. It is a fire that is the best of all assets, as Mr. Knowles is never tired of explaining. Its comfort, its companionship, its uses are innumerable. "With a fire you have got about everything." It was by the fire he found solace for his one great trial, when he mentally made room for another fellow beside him. For he was acutely alone. The great temptation of his sojourn was the call of a fellow-man to him—"Hello, Joey!" To turn his back on that and plunge back into desolation was the supreme test of his will. Life without civilisation he found easy, even invigorating; but life without a soul to speak to was a daily struggle of endurance. As Mr. Knowles disappeared from his friends, his bare body glistening in the rain, he left behind him a challenge to civilisation. He returns as from one mother to another, from the common mother of us all to "the most courageous person" he has ever known, with an appeal. Let us return, he says, at least for spells, to that great parent we have deserted; let us take our children to her. Give them, in place of the frightening goblin-lore of the forest, experience of its true romance. Welcome for them the great out-doors. Its rain and its cold, its fine insouciance of living, without rule or routine, will develop body and character. For this proof, Mr. Knowles went into the woods, "a forked straddling animal," according to the genius of the eighteenth century, yet also "a Spirit and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries," as declared the nineteenth. The twentieth will be content to epitomise him as a Man.



KING CHARLES I. AS A SAINT: A PICTURE IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE EVANGELISTS, PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent, sending us this photograph from America, writes: "Members of the King Charles Society, organised to show reverence for the memory of England's Martyr King, and to urge upon the Church the justice of adding his name to the list of saints, gathered recently in a little chapel erected at the house of one of the fraternity, William Francis Smith, 1412, Ritner Street, Philadelphia. The occasion was made additionally interesting by the ceremony of conferring 'knighthood' on one of the members."—[Photograph by Topical.]

and the overlaps pinned with splint-sticks; how he dried his surplus berries and cured his fish for stores; the construction of his bow and arrow, seasoned by fire, and rounded with rocks till it grew into a formidable weapon; his knife made of a deer's horn, its blade sharpened upon stones, and its handle wound about with a cord woven from bark-lining. What an experiment—to make a sheet of paper by grinding wood against a stone under water and drying the outspread pulp!—to stain this paper with berries' juice manipulated with brushes of hair from a bear's nose, stuck in the quill of a blue-heron feather by means of hot spruce gum! The elemental romance of childhood will stir the mature reader at these things.

The Compass of the Woods.

Mr. Knowles walked so much that the calves of his legs were greatly developed, but his tramps were never aimless ones. Trails, whether made by man or beast, across the wilderness follow the line of least resistance; and the woodsman seeking a definite direction on a rainy day, in absence of the sun, has his compass ever before his eyes, and ever true to the north. It is the moss which invariably grows on the north side only of the trees. Sixty miles across the forest the moss led Mr. Knowles as truly as the needle.



BY THE BARONESS VRANYCZANY: "A BACCHANTE."

The Baroness, who is an Austrian, has taken up art seriously and does much clever work at her studio, 11, Rue des Sablons, Paris.

LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN!



THE NAVY (to District Health Officer): Please, Sir, I've come to give yer notice that my darter, age three, is sufferin' from measles, as required by Act of Parliament.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A FUTURIST FIASCO — DATE : A.D. 1925.

By VIOLET CASTLETON.

"PAULINE," said the Lady Letitia, "I wish to be blue to-night."

"Yes, m'lady," acquiesced the maid.

"Blue," repeated the Lady Letitia, "blue face, blue ears; and, Pauline——"

"Yes, m'lady?"

"What colour shall I have for hair and eyebrows?"

"It is as m'lady wishes."

"I know it is." The Lady Letitia meditated. "Old gold," she decided suddenly. "Pauline, you'll find the new bottle of eyebrow gold in the cupboard there."

"Yes, m'lady."

"I shall wear the cerise dress with the silver trimmings. It will be most effective."

"What colour will your Ladyship's shoes be?" inquired Pauline.

"Oh, I think I'll wear the new pair, you know—one tangerine, and the other black-and-white. They are very smart, and will clash beautifully with the cerise and silver."

"Yes, m'lady."

"That's right, Pauline, only don't put it on too thick, will you? You nearly got some blue in my eye then. Now the other side."

She picked up the diamond-studded hand-mirror and surveyed the effect.

"You've certainly put it on becomingly, Pauline. Now just go to the hair-shelf and see what the old-gold wig looks like."

Pauline tried the wig on her mistress.

"Too subdued," said the Lady Letitia. "I think it will have to be the green one, after all."

Pauline brought it.

"Why, Pauline, what has happened to the violet curl which used to be at the back?"

"M'lady, it is no longer there!"

"I've just said so. What a nuisance! It ruins the effect, its having gone. No; I shall have to fall back on that wretched gold one, and it's the one his Lordship likes least. He is taking me out to-night."

"Why not the blue one, m'lady?"

"Pauline! When it would match with my face! What an idea! No; it must be a contrast."

"Of course, m'lady, I was forgetting."

The Lady Letitia allowed the old-gold wig to be arranged, patting the three scarlet streaks in it tenderly.

"It's really rather a blessing," she mused, "that Bertie is old-fashioned and doesn't like my changing my hair often. It's so much cheaper, and it's a splendid excuse to be able to make to people about my only having five sets of hair. Some men are very tiresome—Guy Bridport, for instance, who threw a plate at Lu-Lu's head because she came down three days running with the same coloured hair. And Barbara Bilberry has eighteen sets, and that wretch of a husband she's got won't raise her hair allowance and is continually grumbling, for all that. Yes, it is a blessing about Bertie, though of course I must not let him know I think so! Why, I couldn't let anyone see my own hair now. It would like quite uncanny!"

The last touches had been given by Pauline's clever hand, and the Lady Letitia surveyed herself in the glass once more.

"Please have Lord Herbert informed that I am ready," she said. "I suppose he has arrived to fetch me? The spotted monoplane to-night, please—the striped one has been out twice to-day."

"Yes, m'lady," said Pauline.

"I wonder," the Lady Letitia continued to muse, as she floated down the marble staircase, "what on earth it would cost if men took to transforming themselves too? Five sets of hair at seventy-five guineas each, why—oh, I can't do it in my head, and I haven't dared look at the last bill! And I shall have to order a few more soon. Then the face-dyes. Eight guineas a bottle is pretty stiff, considering there's only enough for twice; and then all the other——"

She swooned suddenly, in absolute silence: the Lady Letitia had never been known to scream.

At the foot of the stairs waited her affianced husband, Lord Bertie Bobchurch. He wore an ordinary evening suit, but each trouser-leg was split, exposing to view emerald silk socks. Instead of the orthodox shirt and collar, he wore a fichu of tucked net.

But it was his face which had finished the Lady Letitia.

One half was painted slate-grey, the better to accentuate the other half, which wore a covering of pale lemon-yellow.

He picked up a priceless vase containing a dozen or so striped roses at two guineas each, and poured the water over the face of the Lady Letitia.

"Damn!" said her father, the Earl of Duckerborough, coming into the hall at this moment. "Can't you see the blue's all running on to the new carpet?"

"She's fainted," explained Lord Bertie.

"Can't help that," said the Earl; "I haven't paid for the carpet yet. Just take her face off it, will you?" He looked up suddenly and caught sight of the visage of his future son-in-law: the next moment he, too, lay unconscious on the floor.

"Go and wash your face, Bertie," commanded the Lady Letitia, coming to with unexpected suddenness.

"I'm hanged if I do till you've washed yours," said Bertie politely. "Come on—let's see who can get it off first."

"I don't feel well," said the Earl of Duckerborough, sitting up presently. A girl with a pigtail leant tenderly over him.

"And who the dickens are you?" he inquired, and then decided that he would give her the glad eye.

"I'm your daughter," replied the girl, a touch of wistfulness in her tone.

"Oh, sorry!" said the Earl, getting rather a shock. "Very sorry; but you could hardly expect me to know it, could you, considering I haven't seen your face for six years?"

"The aeroplane is at the door, m'lord," said the butler. "Am I to have the Lady Letitia informed?"

"All right, Green," said the girl in the pigtail; "tell it to wait."

The butler started, then reeled speechless from the hall.

"It was positive indecent," he said in the servants' hall afterwards, "and me what's always been in respectable families. Expecting me to look at her bare face at her age!"

"We shall be late," said Bertie, "if we don't start soon."

The Lady Letitia looked rather depressed. "I'll run up and ask Pauline if she knows how to do hair," she said—then, suspiciously, "on condition, Bertie, that you don't do anything more to your face."

"Of course," said Bertie; "that's a bargain. But if you put on any of that hair, I swear I'll paint it blue and orange, and—oh, I say, Letitia, you might send down someone to sew up my trousers, will you?"

"I will lend you a pair," said the Earl. "They will be on the large side, but——"

Seven separate shrieks from the landing above sent the two men rushing up the marble staircase. When they had jumped the seven prostrate bodies belonging to the younger sisters and brothers of the Lady Letitia, they found her, hair-brush in hand, standing dejectedly before her looking-glass.

"It's no good," she said mournfully, "I shan't be able to dine, Bertie. Pauline says she has mournfully up anyone's hair for nearly ten years. You'll have to get me one of the wigs from that shelf——"

"If you ever wear hair other than your own," said Bertie, "you may consider yourself no longer engaged to me." He put his heels together with a click.

"Letitia," said her father, "your little sisters and brothers are prostrate in the passage——"

"Can't help it," said the Lady Letitia. "They'll just have to get used to my face—and my hair too, as Bertie says I am not to wear wigs."

"Pardon, m'lady," said Pauline, "but I wish to give a month's notice. It is too much to expect me to arrange your Ladyship's hair!" She burst into a torrent of sobs.

[Continued overleaf.]

SWANK BLASPHEMY.



THE CADDIE-MASTER (to a green-keeper, who has had a mishap with a load of mould): 'Ere, stow that langwidge. Wot d'yer mean by it—be'avin' yerself as if yer was a full-blown member of the club?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

"Bertie," said the Lady Letitia, "fetch me a glass of water."

From a ruby-topped bottle she took some white powder; when Bertie's and the Earl's backs were turned she placed it on her tongue; then she swallowed the water.

"Father," she said calmly, "bear witness that what Bertie has done, he has done in ignorance. The water he has just brought me to drink was to enable me to swallow the poison I have always made a point of having close at hand. No; do not interrupt me. Every woman of fashion has some close by her, in case she should decide,

as I have decided . . . that the Future is too difficult to face." She turned green suddenly, and died.

"And to think," said Pauline afterwards in the servants' hall, "that after all the money that was spent, and the time that I wasted, that her Ladyship turned the very shade she most admired with so little difficulty!"

Turning to the column in *The Future* headed "Situations Vacant," she wiped away a tear, and marked several likely-looking advertisements with a pencil.



AT REHEARSAL.



By BART KENNEDY.



"YOU have known this man for years," he said to the attentive actor. "He is a friend of yours. And as you see him coming in, you go up to him and you say, 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash.' Your cue is 'when the chickens come home.' You quite understand? I have paid a great deal of attention to the writing of this part. And I want your greeting, 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash,' to convey a great deal of subtle meaning. I want it to show the regard you have for him, how you often think of him and his welfare—how you would do anything you could for him. You understand what I mean? Now try it."

The listening actor looked a bit nervous. He had had twenty years' experience of the stage, and during that time in plays he had greeted all sorts of characters in all sorts of different ways, ranging from "What ho, varlet!" to "Say, Bill, 'ow 's things?" But, for all his experience, he felt nervous. For this playwright—who always staged his own plays—was meticulously exact as to the way the lines he had written should be spoken. Rumour had it that he had once made a well-known actress rehearse a certain speech for seven weeks.

"When the chickens come home."

It was the actor's cue. And he turned and walked exactly three steps and a half up stage. The playwright had given some reason for the half-step at the end of the three steps, but what that reason really was was beyond the intelligence of the actor to divine.

"Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash," he said to the other actor, who was also nervous.

He had imitated exactly the manner in which the playwright had directed him to say the words, and he was congratulating himself on the way he had done so, when the playwright suddenly came up to him with anguish writ large all over his face. It was an odd face, this face of the playwright's. It had a peering, bird-like expression, and was adorned with very heavy, bushy eyebrows.

"Oh," he said to the actor, in tones of deep, heart-wrung despair, "oh, my dear FitzJohnson, don't say it that way—don't say it that way. You will ruin the piece. That greeting should show so much—so very much. Say it like this, 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash.' Try it again—please try it again."

The leading lady was standing near the right second entrance looking on, and she turned and winked with solemnity at an actor who was standing by her. Poor leading lady! If she had only known what she was eventually in for she would have felt in far too serious a mood to wink. If she had only known that she would get a harder time than anyone else! But the poor woman did not know.

"Now be very careful, Mr. FitzJohnson, how you read the line," said the playwright warningly, just as the cue was coming.

"Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash," said the actor, after he had advanced his three steps and a half up stage.

This time he was not quite so sure that he had said the words in the required way as he was the first time. And his doubt was well founded, for the playwright came up again to him.

"Oh," he said, with tears in his voice, "oh, my dear Mr. FitzJohnson, that will never do. That's not it at all, my boy. Surely you must know that that is not the way to read the line. The line, I tell you, is of the utmost importance. And it is an easy line. All you have to say is, 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash'—just that, and nothing more. Surely—surely, my boy, you can do it. It is so very simple. Just concentrate your mind upon it. As you turn at your cue and walk up stage, bring your mind to bear absolutely upon it, and then say, 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash.' I know you can do it if you put your mind upon it."

By this time the actor had no mind to put on anything. He was thoroughly confused. And the fact that the playwright was a person of unvarying politeness did not mend things. A polite person who insistently puts you in the wrong is harder to bear with than one who gets into a temper.

The cue came, again the line was spoken, and again the actor was wrong.

"Once more—try it once more," said the playwright sadly.

"Good—good-evening, Mr. Slopdash," said the actor.

He stopped, horrified. He didn't know whether he was on his

head or his heels. To use a telling word of the stage, he had become rattled. And all at once a sudden resolution came to him.

"Look here," he said, "I don't seem to suit you. I'll give up the part. Get someone else."

A gasp went all around the stage, and the playwright looked at him in a searchingly sad way. They had known each other for years.

"Why did you say that?" he asked in a low voice, after taking him aside. "Why did you say that? I am only doing my best. I want this play to go. I have to do my work just as you have to do yours. You ought not to say what you have said."

"Well, you don't seem to be satisfied with me."

"You're right. I'm not satisfied. I want you to speak the line as I wish it to be spoken. I have chosen you carefully to play this part. In fact, there is no one else in London who can play it. You have the kind of eyebrows that fit it exactly. And I feel that you ought not to object to my doing my work, which is to see that you play it properly."

This playwright had written a great many successful plays, and he was not a bad sort. As a matter of fact, the actor had given the line in the exact way that he had directed—that is, he had given it as nearly like the way he was directed to as it was possible for another personality to give it. He had not the same voice as the playwright had, of course. And there was the usual difference between them that exists between all human beings. The truth of the difficulty doubtless lay in the fact that the playwright had in his mind a sharply visualised picture of the effects he wanted, and he saw the effects solely through the medium of his own personality. He was, if it might be so put, looking at things through a differently coloured glass from anyone else. His ideal was that all the parts should be played as he himself would play them. It was an impossible ideal, but the trying to attain it usually produced good results.

"Well, I am sorry I said I would give up the part," said the actor. And he really was very sorry now. He was hard up, and the engagement was a good one.

The playwright smiled. And the smile showed the charm and the real feeling that was in the man.

"Oh, that's all right, FitzJohnson," he said. "Sometimes I think I am too particular—too finicky, you know. But you mustn't dream of giving up the part. Why, there is no one else who could play it—absolutely no one else. No actor but you has the exact eyebrows. My boy, when I was writing it I thought of you. I said to myself, 'FitzJohnson is the man who will play this to a nicety.' Come, we will begin over again."

They went back to the centre of the stage.

"Now, Mr. FitzJohnson," said the playwright, "you have known this man for years. You would do anything for him. When your cue comes, you turn and go three steps and a half up stage—three steps and a half, mind you—and you say, 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash,' just as I say it now."

The actor looked at him curiously. A change had come over the playwright. He was not now the man who had taken him aside and spoken to him but a moment before. He was back again to the meticulously exact stage-manager.

"Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash," said the actor, after he had advanced his three and a half steps.

The playwright instantly hurried forward with woe in his face.

"Oh, my dear Mr. FitzJohnson," he exclaimed, "how could you—how could you speak the line in that manner? It is not at all like it. What shall I do? My boy, my dear boy, you have not at all put the meaning into it that I intended to convey. We must try it again. Be careful—be extremely careful!"

The actor turned away his face to hide a smile. There was nothing to say. Attempting even to give up the part was futile. The only thing to do was to be patient and to come as nearly as possible to speaking the line exactly as the playwright spoke it.

"Here comes the cue," said the playwright, more politely than ever. "Remember now. Be careful. Speak the line as I speak it. Just like this: 'Good-morning, Mr. Slopdash.'"

And so the rehearsal went on.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

WANTED, A NEW VERSION OF "THE PAVILION ON THE LINKS": THE ROMANCE OF GOLF SHELTERS.

The Shelters on the Links.

It is a curious circumstance, nearly inexplicable, that while many volumes have been written upon the inns and hostelries that line the country roads, and all the romance and adventure that are attached to these travellers' places of call, resting-places, shelters, little harbours in the country ocean (and fine tales they are, too, for reading, on a stormy night when we are sitting by the fire and like to imagine highwaymen and the sanded stone floors of the little red-curtained parlours of the inns, and the landlord who is the cheery autocrat)—it is strange, I was going to say, that no such work has yet been written and produced upon "The Shelters of the Links: Being an Authoritative Account of the Discussions and Discoveries that have Taken Place Therein, and the Remarkable Adventures that have been Related." I know as a matter of plain truth that this will make one of the very best and most entertaining and instructive books on golf, and we are going to make a beginning with it here right now. And there is not a better variety in inns and their vagrant human populations than



NOT AFFORDING GREAT PROTECTION IN WILD WEATHER:
THE GOLFERS' SHELTER ON THE COURSE OF ARGELES,
BY THE PYRENEES.



AT THE ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S, SANDWICH, WHERE THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP IS TO BE PLAYED THIS YEAR: A SHELTER TYPICAL OF A NUMBER OF OTHERS.

wanted and only serve to spoil the legitimate pleasure of the members.

Special Varieties.

After the plain shelters, there are the pretty thatched things that are so much in harmony with the country round about, like those to be found on the links of the Royal St. George's Club at Sandwich, where the next Amateur Championship is to be, and the extremely tasteful things that have been put on some of the French courses, even more rustic in appearance, like those at Chantilly and the one on the side of the hill going to the fourth hole at La Boulie, Versailles. On some of the American courses they have neat shelters also. One of the most extraordinary shelters I have ever contemplated and kept dry in is that at the back of the eleventh tee at Rome—a cave hewed out of the stone rock of the hill that rises up there. In this shelter there were recently crowded together the British, American, and German

Ambassadors, all golfers keeping themselves dry. And, goodness, how we have all loved our shelters lately, and used them! Some of us know nearly every crack in the boards of the huts of our favourite courses; we have learned to take an interest in the progress of the spiders and the cobwebs in the corners as we watch them from day to day while we are keeping ourselves dry in the region of the sixth hole or the twelfth, far from the club-house with all its fires and comforts, and a tempest raging in between.

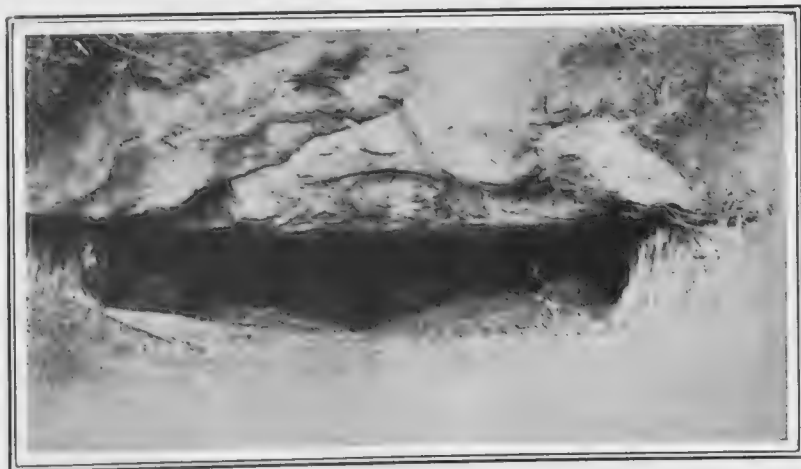
Told While Wet.

But the main point of these observations is the special social circumstances that arise through these shelterings and their effect upon one's game and the game in general. They must have an effect. There is a tenseness about these gatherings and a directness about all things said at them that are not characteristic of all golfing conversations. It is almost necessarily so: we are so very wet and so much in earnest. Take a case in point. The other day opponent and I were caught badly at the third hole, and felt something like Polar explorers

struggling hard for a base as we drove through the storm to the seventh, where there was a shelter. A sad state we were in on arrival there. Said shelter has a floor-space of about six feet by four, and in it on arrival were five men, two ladies. We made nine, and steamed impressively the whole time. Among us were an Army colonel, a judge, a barrister, a Stock Exchange man, and two non-descripts. Each party insisted on explaining precisely all that had happened in the play until the deluge interfered, every man and woman extolled the beauties of his and her shots, and long chapters of autobiography were related. But the best part of the business was the valuable tips that were exchanged. One man



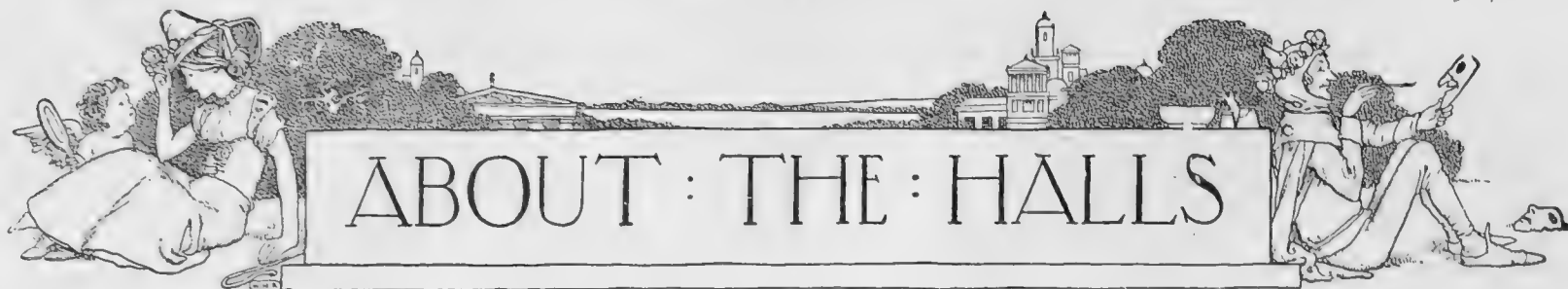
BUILT TO SHELTER GOLFERS ON THE WAY TO THE FOURTH HOLE ON THE COURSE OF THE SOCIÉTÉ DE GOLF, AT VERSAILLES.



WHERE THREE AMBASSADORS—BRITISH, AMERICAN, AND GERMAN—WERE FOUND SHELTERING TOGETHER NOT LONG AGO: THE GLOOMY CAVE AT THE BACK OF THE ELEVENTH TEE ON THE LINKS AT ROME.

lieve he is right. We went on like this for an hour or so, and then opponent and I, in desperation, took to the storm again.

HENRY LEACH.



BERNARD SHAW AT THE PALACE, TOGETHER WITH THE PALLADIUM AND THE HOLBORN EMPIRE.

AT last Mr. George Bernard Shaw has succeeded in claiming the attention of a music-hall audience, and his sketch entitled "The Music Cure" has been duly produced at the Palace, whence has disappeared M. Nijinsky, who is said to be preparing an action at law. Mr. Shaw's piece, which is being produced by Mr. William Armstrong, and which is neatly described as "a piece of utter nonsense," was displayed last week to a moderately filled house, and does not show much likelihood of crowding the auditorium. It opens with a scene between an Under-Secretary and his medical adviser, who is called in to

administer treatment to his patient, who is suffering from a nervous attack in consequence of a scene which has developed in the House of Commons. There is a hearty laugh at the youthful Minister's assertion that his investment in certain shares was not a gamble but a "cert.," and then the doctor retires, having given his patient a sleeping-draught. Next enters Miss Madge MacIntosh, a professional pianist arrayed in striking costume, who proceeds to play the piano, and later the concertina, with much effect, finally luring the distracted young man on to a perfervid expression of his inability to live without her as his bride. That Miss Madge MacIntosh plays the piano, the concertina, and the part generally, exceedingly well cannot be denied; neither can it be gainsaid that the Under-Secretary acts with considerable skill; but to assert that the playlet succeeds in vastly amusing the house would be going too far. The audience sits and wonders blandly what it is all

Broken Mirror." In this we were made acquainted with two servants who, while preparing the house for the reception of its somewhat jovial master, succeed in breaking a large mirror which stands in the room. On the entry of the dissipated tenant of the rooms, the male domestic slips behind the mirror's empty frame, and, being dressed exactly like his employer, at once gets to work. And here the fun waxes fast and furious.

The new-comer is an actor, and begins to rehearse his new play before the looking-glass, and his every movement is imitated by the servant. Of course, there are various contretemps, but the master is completely deceived by the performance, until finally the servant knocks down the looking-glass at an opportune moment, leaving his employer to pay for its repair. The scene is very capably and even capitally done, and succeeds in keeping the audience vastly amused, and the Schwartz Company are to be congratulated upon their success. All the little items of "business" are admirably carried out, with the result that the little piece goes without a hitch and is received with tumultuous applause and laughter from start to finish.

At the Holborn. A visit to the Holborn Empire the other evening found the hall going very strong indeed. The audience was large, and appeared to be bent upon enjoying everything that was presented for its amusement. There was plenty of variety accorded to it, ranging from Mr. T. E. Dunville, "in new Dunvillian Spasms," and Mr. Sammy Shields, "the Football Enthusiast," to the



AS SEEN BEFORE THE CURTAIN IN "KISMET": MISS NANCY DENVERS AS THE ALMAH, AT THE GLOBE.

Photograph by Hoppe.

THE NEW "CAGLIOSTRO" IN "SEALED ORDERS," AT DRURY LANE: MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MR. HALE HAMILTON AS HANNIBAL K. CALHOUN.

"Sealed Orders," that excellently dramatic and humorous Druriodrama, has been revived at Drury Lane.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

about, and vaguely tries to master the meaning of it all; and at the end, in self-defence, endeavours to indicate its intellectuality by somewhat tepid applause. Mr. Bernard Shaw will doubtless be vastly pleased that his work has attained to the dignity of the music-hall, but he will not have the additional boast at his disposal that it has reduced the frequenters of the place to uproarious laughter or has lulled them into rapture by its subtle humour. However, the experiment is an interesting one, and was well worth a trial.

I found a large and enthusiastic house present at the other evening, heartily enjoying the programme set out for its delectation. There were all sorts and kinds of things provided for its amusement, varying from Miss Clarice Mayne and "That" to the equestrianism of Mlle. Baptista Schreiber on the back of the horse presented to her by the Earl of Lonsdale at Olympia, a gift that was exceptionally honoured by the presence of Queen Alexandra on the occasion. There was also the revue entitled "Splash Me," with its "Thirty Beautiful Bathing Belles" and all the rest of it; but perhaps the turn that received the heartiest applause was that given by the Schwartz Company in their original sketch entitled "The



JAMES OLLERENSHAW PLAYS THE CONCERTINA: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL IN "HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

As usual, Mr. McKinnel gives a very finished character-study.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

let loose for an evening upon the delights of London, she has a chance of which she does not fail to take advantage. She is beyond dispute perfectly comfortable in her male attire, and succeeds in holding the attention of her audience in admiration as she sings the ditties which she has chosen. The result is very satisfactory, and she can legitimately claim to have achieved no small success.—ROVER.



EASTER RACING: HARROGATE FOR THE LIGHT CAR TRIAL: AN EXCELLENT CUSTOMS REFORM.

Brooklands at Easter.

The Brooklands season will open on Easter Monday, and the programme to hand is both long and varied. It comprises eight races for cars and two for motor-cycles, with an aeroplane handicap super-added. Two of the car events are of a new type, and are described as the First Lightning Short Handicap and the First Lightning Long Handicap respectively. In each case the race is to be confined to cars with a minimum speed of 90 miles an hour or more. The distance in the one case is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the other. The other races for cars comprise 75 miles per hour Short and Long Handicaps, 100 miles per hour Short and Long Handicaps, the Easter Sprint Race, and the Easter Private Competitors' Handicap. Several new prizes have been offered for the current year. The first is the Shell Points Prize—a 50-guinea cup, to be awarded in connection with the Lightning Short Handicap, and offered by the British Petroleum Company. The winner in each race of the type named throughout the season will be awarded twelve marks, and other competitors in smaller ratios, the entrant of the car obtaining the greatest number of marks during the season of 1914 to be the ultimate winner of the prize. A similar prize under like conditions has been offered by the Anglo-American Oil Company in connection with the Lightning Long Handicap, and is to be known as the Pratt's Points Prize. Also in connection with the Lightning Long Handicap, the Palmer Tyre Company have put up a Palmer Tyre Prize, which is to be won by the car which will have accomplished the greatest mean speed in three or more races. There is also to be a Points Prize for the Private Competitors' Handicap. In this case the winner in each instance will be awarded eighteen marks, the second fourteen marks, and so on down to seven for the sixth competitor. Details are to be given later of the Easter Aeroplane Handicap, but the winner will receive fifty sovereigns or a cup at option, with twenty-five sovereigns or a cup for the second.

The Light Car Trial. It is now officially stated that the Light Car Reliability Trial which is to be held by the Royal Automobile Club in May will not take place from Hereford as a centre, but from Harrogate. This will be all to the good so far as popularising the light car is concerned, for the trial will be assured of a much greater degree of attention, both on the road and in the Press, in the district which has finally been chosen than was the case when the only previous trial for small cars was held in Herefordshire so far back as 1894. There is a far greater number of important towns within reach of the famous Yorkshire spa than the quiet cathedral town in the West can boast. As for the relative values of the trial routes, that may be a matter of opinion. There are some steep hills in Yorkshire, of course, though not so many

within a hundred miles radius of Harrogate as, say, of Sheffield. There can be no question, however, as to the good time which the competitors will have, as Harrogate itself is a delightfully pleasant place, with an almost unlimited array of picturesque spots which are bound to come within the radius of the official itinerary. The coast itself, at Scarborough, is only sixty-two miles away, while Kendal is some sixty-eight miles on the other side. As the daily runs have been projected on a scale of from one hundred to two hundred miles, it is quite clear that from Harrogate as a centre the competitors will have some very interesting country to cover.



THE FIRST LONDON MOTOR-CAB—ONCE USED BY KING EDWARD VII.: AN EXHIBIT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

This motor-cab was built in London in 1897, and was on service until 1899.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Important to Tourists. Who that has toured abroad with a motor car has not chafed under the manifold vexations apparently inevitable from the process of passing the customs? That this is no light matter may be realised at once by anyone who will glance at a map of Europe and note the way in which countries overlap; seldom, indeed, does one merely go in and out of a given country, not to return until another tour. In "doing" the Italian Lakes, for example, or descending from France, Switzerland, or Austria to Italy by one mountain pass, and returning by another, the frontiers may have to be crossed and recrossed, with successive interviews with Customs officials concerned. To cope with this it has been necessary to carry a whole bundle of triptyques—documents designed to do away with the necessity of paying down repeated sums in cash as duty on the car. The triptyques have worked well enough in their main purport, and have been a great boon, but they have often been productive of mistakes, and in any case have constituted a source of trouble by reason of their multiplicity, for the tourist has had to take out a separate document for each country which he has proposed to visit.

A Welcome Change. Vastly simpler is the new method which will be available henceforth. A new form of International Customs Pass has been adopted in unison by eleven European countries, the only one of importance to stand out being Germany. It is just as progressive as the International Travelling Pass, which for two or three years past has enabled tourists to drive from one country to another without taking out number-plates or driving-licenses. The new Customs pass has only to be shown at any frontier, in the consenting countries, and will pass the car, the only essential preliminary before leaving England being the payment of a deposit to the amount of that ordinarily exacted by the country with the highest tariff. Under the old system one would have to put down perhaps £150, as



ONLY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD! A STEAM TRICYCLE OF 1900.

This month the Duke of Teck, President of the Motor Museum, formally transferred the contents of that Museum to the Trustees of the Crystal Palace.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

the total for several countries; now one needs to advance not more than half, at the outside, with the added advantage of carrying only one document, and being free from an infinitude of trouble.



LORD Stamfordham, who was left in London at the last moment during the King's visit to Knowsley, is well schooled in the comings and goings of anxious Ministers; and was the more at home in last week's hurried councils on account of his close personal friendship for such extraneous advisers as the indefatigable Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Stamfordham is himself in some sort wedded to the Church. Some months after his appointment as Queen Victoria's Assistant Private Secretary—thirty-five years ago!—he had to go through the ordeal of announcing his engagement to a mistress who was never very



ENGAGED: MISS ADINE BLANCHE STEWART AND THE REV. HORACE RICARDO WILKINSON.

Miss Stewart is the daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Alexander Stewart, and of Mrs. Basil Anstruther, of 36, Lennox Gardens. Mr. Wilkinson is Vicar of Stoke-by-Nayland, Colchester, and was Curate of Stoke Damerel, Devonport.

Photographs by Sarony.

eager that the fulness of her household's zeal should be endangered by matrimony. "Let me see her," was, in effect, the Queen's answer. Fortunately for the young couple, the fiancée was judged by her Majesty to be the living image of her grandfather, a favourite Dean of Windsor. She was passed.

By some happy chance, the world of crisis and difficulty has proved to be a very small world. The King has never, for want of intimate understanding, lost touch with his men in Ireland. In Belfast, his relative, Count Gleichen, has been stationed throughout the time of stress; and Sir Arthur Paget is one of his Majesty's personal friends. The London house of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland and Lady Paget has been honoured by visits from both the King and Queen, and on many occasions the protagonists in the Ulster drama have met in their drawing-room. London, of course, knows several Lady Pagets; they abound. But "Lady Paget of Belgrave Square" was always easily distinguished, and must not now be confused with a namesake who was at all the dances during the week of crisis.

"Glick." Count Gleichen, the "Tommy's Count" of the barrack-yard and the "Glick" of the mess-room, has known sterner battle-fields than Belfast. He was hit at Modder River, and as he went down with a ghastly wound in his neck, and was seen to kick convulsively and then lie still, one officer cried to another: "Poor Glick is dead!" "No, I'm not," was the emphatic denial of the wounded man. The Count is a great favourite in the Service, and a personal pet of Lord Roberts. He is, of course, related to the King; and both through his sister, who has her studio in St. James's Palace, and his wife, who was one of Queen Alexandra's favourite Maids-of-Honour, does the Belfast soldier keep in touch

with the more peaceful side of royal headquarters in London.

Greybeards at Play.

The H. G. Wells fancy-dress dance in Hampstead went very gaily, though Mr. Chesterton, who was expected, did not turn up. Having outgrown the Dr. Johnson costume that used to serve his need on such occasions, "G. K. C." is, it is supposed, without a suitable "creation." Now that he has Mr. Kenelm Foss and the stage behind him, there should be no difficulty in finding a new make-up. Let it not be said that the author of "Magic" (called "Fatty's First Play" in

polite circles) is at a loss for a disguise. Mr. Henry James had no scruples about appearing in ordinary evening-dress; and Mr. and Mrs. Wells's other guests, including a fantastic sub-editor of *Punch*, amply made up for the novelist's lack of invention.

Christie's. Christie's has seldom in its history been so crowded as it was last week, and never has it been so stuffy. To see the collection it was necessary to fight through crowds of people, and through an atmosphere as thick. Before the actual sale the cases were almost unapproachable, and only by taking an early stand in the room was it possible to get a decent place. Lady Knutsford, a sister of the late and present Earl of Ashburnham, took her place in good time, and had the excitement, unknown to the great majority of the assembly, of buying.

A great fear of being taken for a bidder seems to oppress the unaccustomed visitor to Christie's. Certainly, the effect the other day was of a room packed with people all trying to look as little covetous as possible.

How to See. Most people who went to Christie's with the intention of seeing the silver beforehand, and afterwards watching the spirited bidding, came away without being able to do either. To join the crowd without tactical knowledge of the geography of Christie's results in missing the contest. Regular habitués like Lord Redesdale, Lord Clanricarde, and Lord Coventry know that the thing to do is to get as near the auctioneer as possible. He is the only man who sees every bid that is given (it is his profession and genius to do so), but it is impossible for the visitor to see even one in twenty unless he takes his stand near the rostrum. Those who do not themselves know the ropes of the famous saleroom would be well advised to go under experienced guidance.



ENGAGED TO LORD GERALD WELLESLEY, THIRD SON OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: MISS DOROTHY ASHTON.

Miss Ashton is the daughter of the late Mr. Robert Ashton, and of the Countess of Scarborough. Lord Gerald Wellesley is a Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



MISS DORIS GOODRICH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ERIC NOBLE WAS FIXED FOR SATURDAY (MARCH 28).

The bride is the only child of Mrs. H. St. A. Goodrich, of 44, Chester Square. Mr. Noble is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Heatley Noble, of Temple Combe, Henley-on-Thames.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. EDGAR B. THORP: MISS KATHLEEN M. STOKES.

Miss Stokes is the youngest daughter of the late Major E. W. and Mrs. Stokes, of Ellet Hall, near Lancaster. Mr. Thorp is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thorp, of Ghyllwood, Scorton, Lanes.

Photograph by Sarony.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Sartor Resartus at Stafford House.

The London Museum, thanks to Mrs. Abbey, is particularly rich in clothes, notably those of the Georgian period. The huge ball-room of Stafford House is full of periwigs, gold-laced coats of now limp brocade, farthingales, flounces, and what-not. They present a somewhat grim and ironical aspect, these hats, wigs, and frocks which once made brave and dazzling another generation and another century than ours. Propped on sticks, the wigs fall limply; there are no swelling contours to round out the low-cut bodices; the little shoes are empty, frayed, and worn. Like Carlyle, M. Anatole France could write a scathing and diverting essay on these empty garments, which have so long survived those wearers who have been dust for nearly two hundred years. The eighteenth-century dinner-party, arranged at the end of the room in a huge glass case, is particularly pathetic. We perceive that claret was the modish drink (for wine of that kind fills the large goblets on the table), and there are biscuits on the plates. But the clothes-pros which surround this feast form an alarming satire on the pleasures of Society, and one wonders if—as is shown in Swift's "Art of Polite Conversation"—the heads were as non-existent when George II. was King as those at this London Museum dinner-party. But what strikes the observer most is the small stature of the men and women who wore these picturesque garments. The men particularly must have been extremely small, and no one can talk about the decline of the race when he looks at the young men over six feet high out there in Pall Mall, with sisters to match, and then goes back and measures the narrow shoulders and chests, the low stature and thin legs which would have fitted the eighteenth-century clothes here exhibited. The change is that of pigmies to Vikings.

Women and Civil War.

Women, in war time, make strong partisans, and the Irish ladies, being absolutely at home in the saddle, may render valuable aid on either side if hostilities break out. Moreover, like the Boer women, they would know their own country intimately, and there would be deeds of derring-do before which the exploits of Diana Vernon would pale. The spirit of adventure is already in the air, and one can picture the hiding-places that would be contrived, the daring rides by night, the devotion, courage, and enterprise that would be shown by a high-spirited and belligerent race. In England, of course, help, funds, arms, and sympathy would go to the loyal North, for if Protestant England and Scotland do not stick to their brothers in Ulster we have indeed become an anæmic, frivolous race. Doctors, nurses, ambulance helpers, all may be wanted before long, and the triumphant feminine Convoy Corps which Mrs. St. Clair Stobart took out to Kirk Kilisse, and which did yeoman's service there to the wounded, may possibly have another and nearer field of enterprise open to them. All the charming young creatures who have been practising camping-out, "first-aid," and picking up dummy wounded men,

placing them on their horses, and riding back to the "lines," may yet have an opportunity for showing their courage in real warfare. The prevailing masculine idea that women are essentially peace-loving, home-staying individuals has never been justified by historical facts; in war time Woman always rises to the situation, and Irish women would certainly do as much as the Dutch did in the South African struggle.

The Fierce Delight of Ouida.

Most people of my generation, when they wore pinafores, took a strange delight in filching a copy of "Under Two Flags" or "Strathmore" from the drawing-room table, and in perusing it, in dreadful secrecy, in some remote spot where grown-ups did not penetrate. The appeal of this author's books to children was remarkable. Effeminate Guardsmen—who could be brave as lions on occasion—were contrasted with adventuresses of strange fascination and power. Her heroines wore marvellous garments of grey or white velvet, invariably hemmed with silver fox, and clasped by barbaric jewels. They did not possess—like ordinary females—a lady's maid, but were attended by their "women" whom they "summoned" when crises of an emotional nature arrived—events which were of frequent occurrence. Young girls who herded goats (or was it geese?) grew so transcendently beautiful as presently to acquire the rank of peeresses, while others captivated the town as singers or actresses in a single night. It was a diverting and alluring phantasmagoria, yet the life of Ouida, just written, shows that this semi-French writer's own existence was an adventure of this kind. One of my earliest recollections is of tip-toeing up to a mantelpiece on which stood a card thus inscribed—"OUIDA—At Home—Wednesdays in March—Langham Hotel. (*Cigarettes permises. Causeries intimes.*)" Only men were invited to these symposia, and one needs no special historical sense to imagine how the Victorians were shocked.



FRESH FROM PARIS: THREE NEW FROCKS.

The centre frock is made of very soft Navy blue taffeta, with waistband and under-skirt of striped silk in bright Oriental colourings.—The charming toilette on the right is carried out in "pétale-de-rose" charmeuse, with a bolero effect in mousseline-de-soie edged with silver lace. The fichu is of white scalloped lawn.—On the left is a dress of black taffeta. It has a double tunic, a wired collar of white lace, and a chiffon vest.

Cigarettes and the Woman.

We are so used to see women of every stratum—including school-mistresses and wives of parsons—lighting their cigarettes as a matter of course, that it is hard to remember that this is a comparatively recent habit and one which was only practised in the last century by a few venturesome spirits, mostly of the great world or of that other sphere which is called the "half-world." The first woman I ever saw smoke was indeed the wife of an eminent Dean, but, besides being a *grande dame* with lands galore of her own, Mrs. Minto Elliot was a popular author, and the success of "The Idle Woman in Italy" no doubt justified her in defying public opinion and lighting her cigarette, not only in her own but in other people's houses. Handsome, genial, and clever, she carried the unusual proceeding off with an assured air, and no one ventured to criticise. Very soon after, the practice of smoking, especially among girls, became fairly common.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 7.

CHIEFLY POLITICAL.

THE Stock Exchange has been entirely dominated by politics during the last week. On every hand we hear tales of money left on deposit, of investment orders postponed, and of speculative orders cancelled. And it is impossible to feel any surprise.

Whatever may be one's political views, and wherever one may feel inclined to place the blame, it is impossible not to realise the gravity of recent events. From what is common knowledge and from what we have learned privately, it seems certain that the Government must now know that they cannot count on the Army to coerce Ulster. Beyond this one outstanding fact very little is certain. A General Election appears probable, but to the unbiassed mind it seems rather difficult to understand how the present position will be altered except in the event of an overwhelming Unionist victory at the polls. The present Government have revealed the weakness of their position, and it therefore seems very improbable that Ulster would fail to utilise such knowledge whatever might be the result of an Election.

Under such circumstances it is rather hopeless to look for any immediate improvement in Home Securities, but, once a settlement is reached over this Irish question, there seems no doubt as to the future course of markets.

Elsewhere in the world there has been an improvement in the outlook. Brazilian affairs have taken a turn for the better, and there seems some hope that the United States Government are beginning to realise the necessity of adopting a more reasonable attitude towards Huerta.

SOME INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANY REPORTS.

One or two Trust Companies have issued their reports during the last week, and we are pleased to see that results have been uniformly satisfactory.

The net earnings of the Municipal Trust Company improved to the extent of £2600 during the period ending Feb. 28. Of this sum £1200 was allocated to "Bonus Certificate redemption fund," in accordance with the arrangement entered into with the Preferred stockholders during the last year. The dividend on the Deferred stock remains unaltered at 6 per cent., and £6100 is carried forward. The list of investments attached to the report is, on the whole, quite satisfactory, and under the able guidance of Lord St. Davids the Trust should make good progress during the next few years.

The American Investment Trust Company's income showed a satisfactory increase of £7700 to £111,800. The dividend at 8 per cent. remains unaltered, but the allocation to reserve is doubled at £12,000, and the carry-forward increased from £10,200 to £10,900. The profit on sales of securities was, however, lower, the total of £8500 comparing with £16,000 last year, but this was to be expected after last year's difficulties. It has also been found necessary to take a larger sum from reserves to write down investments.

The dividend on the Deferred stock of the Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Company remains unchanged at 6½ per cent., but the reserves receive £4000 more at £10,000, and the carry-forward is slightly increased. Here again, however, the profit on realisation of investments is very much lower, but it has not been found necessary to take quite so large a sum from the reserve for writing down investments, £14,000 being sufficient on this occasion against £18,100 a year ago.

THE ARGENTINE TOBACCO COMPANY.

The second annual report of this Company is even more disappointing than was the first one. Gross profits during 1913 decreased by £20,500, and general expenses increased by £53,500 to £241,200. Consequently the net profit is lower by no less than £74,000, and the directors are compelled to pass the dividend not only on the Ordinary shares, which received 6 per cent. a year ago, but also on the Preference.

Interest charges were slightly higher at £43,200, and £104,200 has been utilised out of revenue for Debenture redemption, leaving only £1200 to be carried forward. This reduction of the Debenture debt has enabled the Board to reduce somewhat the preliminary, special advertising, and centralisation expenses, and to increase the reserves to £57,600; but, even so, the balance-sheet does not present a very strong appearance. About 65 per cent. of the Share and Debenture capital, which amounts to £2,320,000, is represented by intangible assets such as goodwill, preliminary expenses, and so on. Stocks are higher than last year, while cash in hand is appreciably lower.

In 1912 the directors used the sum of £93,000, which was expected to go to Debenture redemption, in strengthening the Company's financial position. This led us to express the opinion that they were straining every nerve to make even as good a showing as they then did. Unfortunately, it seems that we were very right, and that the Ordinary dividend ought never to have been paid.

In the present report no explanation is given of the serious rise in expenses, but it is common knowledge that it is entirely due to fierce competition, especially from one particular quarter. No

doubt the Chairman will deal fully with this question at the meeting, and also with future prospects; but it is very difficult to find anything in the report which encourages a much more optimistic view than the one expressed in the current market quotation for the Ordinary and Preference shares.

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

At the end of January we suggested that New Caucasian Oil shares might become interesting. During the last few days influential buying has been in evidence, and we have very good reason for believing that negotiations with an important group will be brought to a successful termination very shortly. As a speculation, we think a purchase of the shares should prove profitable within the next six or nine months.

We have more than once recommended the Preference shares of the Anglo-Continental Supply Company as a reasonable Industrial investment, and we are therefore especially gratified to learn that there has been a marked recovery in the profits last year. The dividend announcement of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for 1913 compares with nil for 1912. The fall in the price of coffee has undoubtedly been the primary cause of the improvement, and although a moderate increase in the price of this article is not improbable, we consider the outlook for the Company as distinctly good, and the shares a sound purchase of their class.

The Anglo-Continental report did not make a very good showing; but, in view of the conditions prevailing during the period, this is hardly surprising. We are, however, very glad to see that the directors have dealt with the question of depreciation in a more satisfactory manner than twelve months ago. Better results will probably be shown for the current year.

The sharp spurt which took place last week in the quotation for the shares of the San Paulo Railway has given rise to a good many rumours. The most generally accepted is to the effect that a further issue of stock is contemplated before very long, and will be offered at a price which will afford a bonus to present holders. This seems exceedingly probable, but something of this kind has been expected for a long time, so it is hardly sufficient to account for the buying. The other story which is current declares that the Company has taken advantage of the recent difficulties of the Government and practically arranged terms for the prolongation of its concessions, which are at present terminable in thirteen years' time. We can get no official confirmation of either story, but both have the merit of being probable.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"As I was saying the last time we met——"

"Three—years—ago——" The Jobber's voice was strangled with tears and coughing.

"Now I've forgotten what I was saying," complained The Broker.

They begged him to compose himself, and The Jobber to restrain his emotion.

(Not actually in these words, of course; but it came to the same thing, though expressed vernacularly.)

"Why should you swear at me?" pursued The Jobber, when they had finished; "I cannot attempt to explain. I've done nothing——"

"Nor anybody?" inquired The City Editor, with feeble flippancy.

"April the First," The Jobber explained to the others, gazing with profound pity upon the journalist. "He can't help it, poor chap."

"I thought April the First was to bring us really cheap money," observed The Broker.

The Banker, directly challenged, cautiously committed himself to the prophecy of a 2½ per cent. Bank Rate before long. "You remember the January spurt in the prices of gilt-edged securities?" he reminded them.

"Well, at that time, we all said that such a movement we had foreseen; that it was so natural as to be inevitable. What we did not see, however, was the dreary time that succeeded the few weeks' brightness."

"Oh, my giddy auntie!" moaned The Jobber, thinking of his Consols at 77.

"So—?" and The Engineer turned inquiringly to The Banker, who, thus appealed to, went on—

"Money is likely to become extremely plentiful, and with the Bank Rate down, the fixed-interest securities will advance, so far as I can see, to a level at which the yields will be at least ½ per cent. less than they are now."

"We thank thee for that word!" exclaimed The Broker. "It is rare to hear anything cheerful about Stock Exchange matters these days. Politics——"

They rose at him as one man. He apologised immediately and profusely.

"We need not discuss transitory factors, however unpleasant for the time being," said The Merchant, because he was a Liberal. This observation nearly aroused a storm of vituperation, which was calmed by The Engineer—

"I have bought myself a few Cuban Ports," said he.

[Continued on page 420.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Collapsible Hats. For many years men have had crush-hats—in fact, for so many years that now they are somewhat out of fashion. As our sex are taking over male privileges with great celerity, they are providing themselves with collapsible hats. These are used for race-meetings, to which their wearers go in modern low-roofed motor-cars, or in the summer in open cars. Four women can pack their four hats in quite a moderate-sized box, and open them out and put them on, and there they are—feathers and flowers and tulle—just as if they had emerged from the shop. Unlike a mere man's crush-hat, these have no appearance of collapsibility about them—they are veritable triumphs of women's ingenuity in conquering circumstances.

Shiny and Greasy. These two things remind one more of Paddy Dooley's head-gear—

'Tis fur me old hat, it is greasy and flat,
You can tell very well by the shinin', oh!
But it's well turned up wid' a button
and loop,
And the devil a bit of a linin', oh!—

more than of the most up-to-date millinery of the moment. Yet the newest hats are of shiny straw and are trimmed with apparently greasy ribbon. A lady in a milliner's show-room the other day said the ribbon looked as if it had been dropped in the soup, and so it did. The extraordinary thing about fashion is the unpromising things from which it obtains effects that are really *chic*, for these hats are smart!

Pay as We Go. How many of us pine to be in so enviable a position as not to have forgotten



A LEADER AMONG THE PHILANTHROPIC PEERESSES: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH OPENING A NEW L.C.C. GIRLS' SCHOOL AT KENTISH TOWN.

The Duchess of Marlborough recently opened the London County Council's new Secondary School for Girls in Highgate Road, Kentish Town. It has cost £25,000 and will accommodate 450 pupils. The Duchess, who was formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, is well known for her efforts to ameliorate the lot of working women. In opening the school she said the modern girl had a much better chance to live an intelligent life than the girl of a generation or two ago.

Photograph by Photopress.

bills sprung upon us just after we have given ourselves some little indulgence that we imagined we could have with a clear conscience. Gas-bills need never bring us back to the struggle in this abrupt way. These we can pay as we go: the bye-meters register for us our consumption of gas, and the money to meet the bill can be put aside each day, week, or month. How much exactly gas-fires, light for a flat, or a single room for work, cost can be easily determined by reading these bye meters, or the little clockwork contrivance on the hearth beside the meter. The comfort of these contrivances to those who have to parcel out their money is wonderful.

The Seats that We Like in the Spring.

Our lawns and gardens are soon to become our greatest pleasure. An English family nowadays enjoys outdoor life as never before. It is largely because we have such really comfortable, good, and lasting furniture supplied to us for our outdoor and semi-outdoor luxury by the Dryad Cane and Metal-work Craftsmen at Leicester. All over the world this reliable

and most comfortable and convenient furniture is known—on the ships of the great lines, on private yachts, in clubs, tropical and Western, in hotels, and in private houses. From all parts come fervent commendations of its fine qualities. There are, it is true, complaints made from time to time, but on examination they prove to be of chairs, tables, etc., bought as Dryad, but not having the distinguishing metal tablet with "Dryad Furniture Registered," which alone proves it of this universally admired and commended make. The metal-work is as keenly appreciated as the cane. It is in use in many private houses, churches, and public buildings in this and other countries.

A Highly Honoured Girl. The King and Queen will attend the coming-out ball of Lady Irene Curzon, which will be given by Lord Curzon of Kedleston on May 4. The house is a fine one for the purpose; the staircase is good, if not so imposing as that in some houses of about the same size. The services of Earl Curzon to his King and country are well known; his wife, who was a very beautiful American, was a great favourite with King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the King, as Prince of Wales. Her youngest daughter is Queen Alexandra's god-daughter. Lady Irene is heiress-presumptive to her father's Barony of Ravensdale; she is also heiress through her mother to a large fortune. Through both her parents she has the better heritage of a delightful disposition and a lovable nature.

The Chauffeur Nuisance. There is an outcry among over being obliged to entertain their



SNAPPED AT HAWTHORN HILL RACES: THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN AND HER LITTLE SON.

The Countess of Rosslyn, who married the Earl of Rosslyn, as his third wife, in 1908, was Miss Vera Mary Bayley. Her father was formerly in the 17th Lancers. Her little boy, the Hon. James Alexander Wedderburn St. Clair Erskine, was born in 1909. Lord Rosslyn is a brother of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, and of Lady Angela Forbes.

Photograph by Alfieri.



A NEW AMERICAN PEERESS, FROM MUSICAL COMEDY: VISCOUNTESS DANGAN, WIFE OF EARL COWLEY'S SON AND HEIR.

During the American tour of "The Girl on the Film," Viscount Dangan, who was playing a small part in it, married, a few weeks ago, Miss May Picard, a member of the chorus. Bride and bridegroom are both twenty-four. The wedding took place quietly in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. One of the four witnesses was Mr. George Grossmith.—[Photograph by Bain.]

Continued from page 418.

The Broker whistled; a long, low, dubious whistle.

"They're an out-and-out gamble; they're as hot as you can make 'em. And there's ten points, twenty, twenty-five points rise in them."

"Why, that's more than Consols are likely to rise!"

"I don't mind a sporting chance," remarked The Jobber; "but Cuban Ports, well——!"

"You lay my words to heart, young man, and when the price is 50 instead of 35, don't say I didn't tell you!"

"What about Vickers?" inquired The Merchant inconsequently. "My wife has a few, and I can't say the increase in capital commends itself to me overmuch. Still, I'm only a layman in such matters."

The Engineer said he'd much rather hold Armstrongs.

The City Editor advised a sale of the shares at anything like two pounds apiece. "The capital account seems to grow very unwieldy," he explained.

The Broker declared that he felt against armament shares on principle: "It would be so easy and rational," he contended, "for the nations to call a halt in naval construction, and then how about the nine million pounds of Vickers capital?"

"Thanks," laughed The Merchant; "I'll give my wife the benefit of your collective advice."

"There's only one argument against it," said The Jobber; "it's so unanimous—that I"—the remainder of the sentence had to go, other matter claiming all his defensive attention for a few pulsating moments.

When the air had been cleared of hats, newspapers, recriminations, and lighted cigarettes, The City Editor asked The Broker if all his clients were in Oil.

"Sardinely not," interrupted The Jobber. "You never gave us the tip."

"I didn't want to do it——"

"Yet you made us love you——"

"Is there no way of stopping this incessant blither?" cried The City Editor.

"Yes; give him a few tips, saving Lord Halsbury's absence," The Solicitor proposed.

"Buy——"

"It's always Buy," grumbled the victim.

"—Yourself International Railway of Central America Common shares at 19 dollars each."

"With a name like that, they ought to stand at 90."

"The Company's doing fine; is allied to the United Fruit people; earning 2 per cent. on the Common, but——"

"It's Central America," The Solicitor added.

"Just so."

"Stories. Who said Kipling? Next gentleman, please!"

"San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock: cheapest buy in the

Market at its increased price of 235," said The Engineer. "Believe ten per cent. of what you hear about the line being taken over by Brazil, and you still have a splendid investment."

"Oils; I thirst for Oils," and The Jobber gasped realistically.

"Spies; always Spies. And Lobitos, in spite of the rise."

"Burmah Oil is going to increase its dividend, I hear, and pretty substantially, too. At 4½, I believe, Burmahs are quite cheap."

"New Caucasians?"

"Very risky. So are Premiers, even at this price, although anyone who is content to risk putting up more money if the Company reconstructs will make money, I do believe. The concern seems to have a decent property."

"Tamarugal Nitrates are going to pay a good dividend in May, I hear," said The Broker. "They are worth having at 22s. 6d., or thereabouts. Nitrate has been disgruntled——"

"Beg pardon?" The Jobber interpolated, leaning forward.

"Nitrate stocks have increased because of the wet weather, but when that changes, the demand will spring up again; and the prices of shares with it."

"Is that why Nitrate shares have been going down lately?"

"That, and the general market depression. When Home Rule——"

It is at just such a juncture as this that the Untamed Artists of *The Sketch* could be really invaluable. *Saturday, March 28, 1914.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

NORMACOT.—We do not consider the shares you mention particularly attractive, even at the present low price. The Company has very heavy financial burdens, and we think you would more easily recover your loss in other directions.

LUND.—Selfridge Preference should suit you, or St. James and Pall Mall Electric Light Company Ordinary. Both the Mining shares you mention seem to have reasonable prospects, and it would be a pity to sell in the present state of the markets.

N. V.—(1) We do not advise. (2) A sound investment, but does not offer much chance of capital appreciation.

F. C. D.—(1) There must be a change for the better one day. (2) Write as often as you like.

V. D. (India).—Your letter arrived too late for reply this week.

UNITED CARLO GATTI, STEVENSON AND SLATER'S.—The report for 1913 shows a welcome recovery in profits, the net figure being £9500 as compared with £6600 for 1912. The available balance of £10,100 is utilised to pay the Debenture interest and the 5½ per cent. dividend on the Preference shares, leaving £800 to be carried forward.

Messrs. Alfred Goslett and Co., Ltd., announce a dividend of 10 per cent. on both Ordinary and Cumulative Preference shares for the year 1913. £1000 goes to reserve, and £382 is carried forward.

PAQUIN, LTD.

SIR JOHN BARKER, Br., the Chairman, presided at the seventeenth annual general meeting of Paquin, Ltd. "All of us," he said, "are alike disappointed at the drop in net profit on last year's trading." Then he pointed out that such a business is necessarily subject to ever-changing currents of fashion—"and, as leaders of fashion, we may have suffered somewhat from the too slight changes that occurred last year when compared with the previous season." Then there was the war in the Balkans. This, Sir John noted, did much damage to trade in all large commercial centres except London. The effect was felt in Paris; but the smaller number of foreign, as compared with French, customers largely explained the disappointing balance-sheets from there. New York and Buenos Ayres were affected to less extent, but the loss in trade was disappointing. Fortunately, the business in London had been more than maintained. Demonstrating that the firm is in a perfect position to withstand depression, Sir John went on to give some figures. The Company is seventeen years old. During that period the total net profits have been £1,184,000. Of this, £776,000 has been paid in dividends; and sums placed to reserve, carried forward, and written off goodwill amount to £408,000. The freehold of the Company cost £190,000, of which only £58,000 remains on mortgage. There are about £400,000 liquid assets, book debts have been reduced by £22,000, cash in hand and in bank has been increased by £13,000. Everything has been written down rigorously. The reserve is £150,000; Ordinary shareholders' undivided profits are £54,000; £45,634 is carried forward from profit-and-loss account, making the total reserves nearly £250,000—in addition to the £160,000 previously written off for goodwill, etc. Having added that the new season's models have caused a sensation in the Paris and New York salons, the Chairman moved: "That the directors' report and accounts as presented be received and adopted, and that a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 7½ per cent. be paid, making 12½ per cent. for the year." The motion was carried unanimously. Mme. Paquin, who was received with enthusiasm, described the steps which the firm had taken to expose any fraudulent use of its name—a move already resulting in an immense success in America.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRUST, LTD.

AT the meeting of the Anglo-Russian Trust, Mr. C. Birch Crisp, who presided, said that perhaps they had been over-successful: an extraordinary change had taken place in the attitude towards Russia and her securities, with the result that the Company had to face, not that army of critics of the past who did not agree with their views when they were pioneers, but, rather, many competitors who had entered the lists. During the year under review, he went on, the Bonds in which the Company's group were interested had held their positions to an exceptional degree. The report was disappointing to the shareholders, for the first time in the life of the enterprise; but there were sufficient reasons for a reduced dividend. Throughout 1913 the price of money, as determined by the Bank Rate, was £4 15s. 4d. per cent., as against £3 15s. 7d. per cent. in 1912. Another factor bearing on the situation was that, looking ahead, they saw fresh competition, and so had decided to concentrate upon that type of transaction which they believed to be of the greatest importance to them. In preceding years they had introduced some Municipal Bond issues to the market. In that under notice the only issues made were of Railway Government Guaranteed Bonds; and to ensure channels for future business of that class they had been at particular pains to maintain the market and support those associates needing such support during a critical period. Where a syndicate was in being in order to realise Bonds there were but two paths to follow. One led to the dissolution of the syndicate and the distribution of the stock; the other to the continuance of the syndicate. The Trust had elected to follow the latter. Consequently, they had had to borrow money on capital account during days of difficulty: accordingly, the profits had suffered. Their investments, the Chairman went on to point out, yielded an average return of £5 11s. 4d. per cent., so that they had a large revenue apart from the profits to be gained from issuing. A meeting had been called, to follow the one being held, to discuss an extension of the borrowing powers—to the amount of £2,000,000—but the directors did not propose to use such powers beyond issuing on some future date the balance of the Debentures already authorised. The report and accounts were adopted; and the proposed increase of borrowing powers was agreed to.

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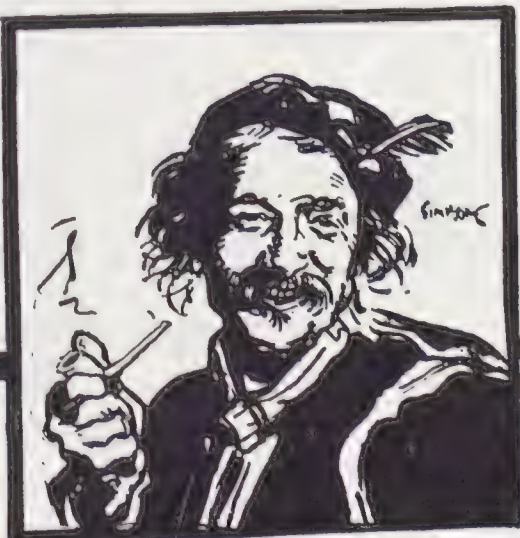
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If your tobacconist does not stock it ask him to procure it for you.



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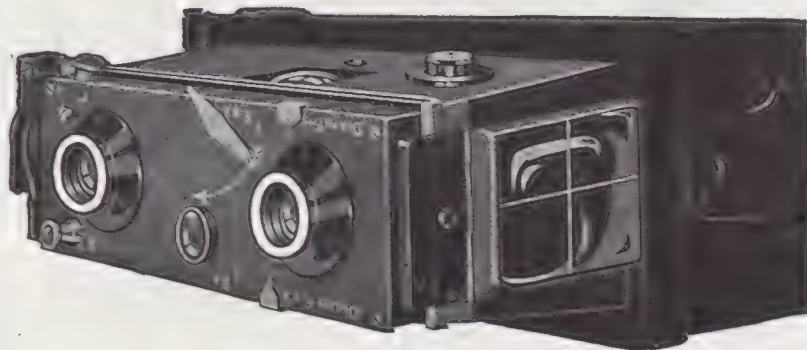
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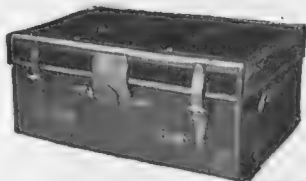


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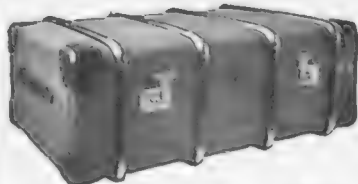
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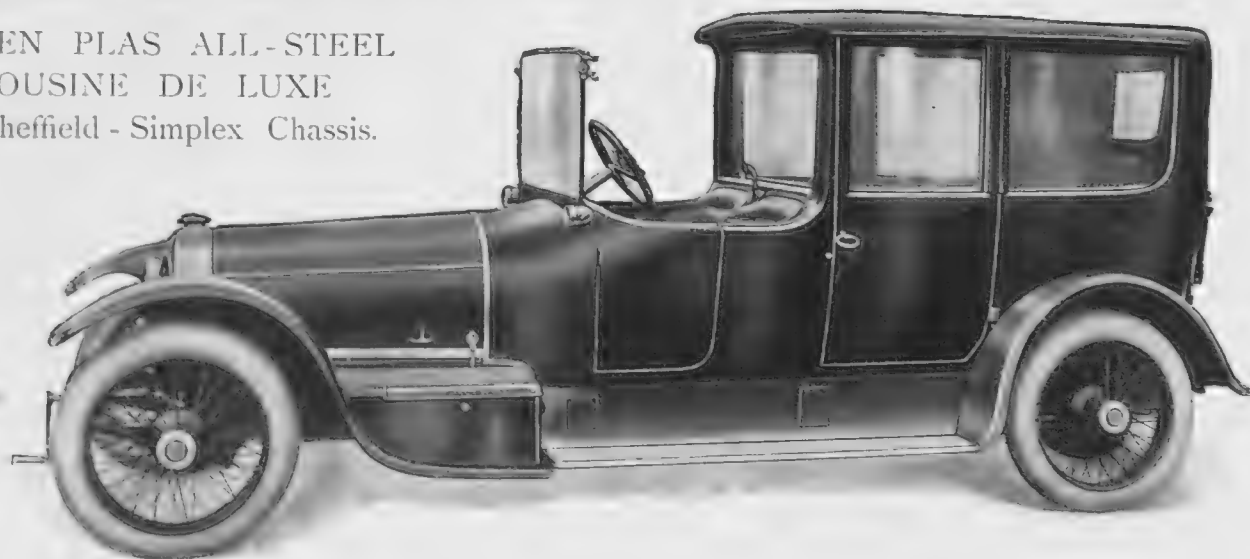
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Every woman ought to know and has a right to know exactly how matters stand with regard to the treatment of Superfluous Hair. Here is the truth and nothing but the truth. Maybe we are too frank. We take that risk, believing frankness preferable to reticence in so serious a matter. Moreover we want you to know just what *can* be and what *cannot* be done by the

Pomeroy Treatment for Superfluous Hair

The
Blemish
that
kills
Charm.

Don't let us mince matters. Whatever of charm there be in your face—regular features, a pleasing expression, a beautiful complexion—it is as nothing against the blemish of Superfluous Hair. Who notices that the features are perfect, that the expression is pleasing, the complexion beautiful? Nobody! Attention is focussed on the one thing you would hide, the blemish that ruins your appearance. You are conscious of this, though you don't like to confess it. The blemish stares you in the face when you look in your mirror. The eyes of your friends, as they talk to you, fasten on this one imperfection and forget the rest. It is painful, pitiful, intolerable.

You fly for relief to depilatories. The hair goes. You are a free woman—for a week or two. Then the hairs come back again, a little thicker, a little stronger than before. You use the depilatory once more. Again a few days' respite, and again an increased growth. And so it goes on, with never an ending to the trouble.

Depila-
tories
often
ruin the
skin.

Believe me, depilatories in the form of pastes or powders are of no permanent value, and do often result in permanent harm. You might just as well shave, in fact your skin would then stand less chance of being ruined for life. We have seen pitiable human proofs of the folly of experimenting with pastes and powders. You waste money, you make yourself look foolish (because the Superfluous Hair keeps recurring), you risk ruining your skin when you use depilatories, and you do not remedy the evil.

There is only one way to permanently destroy Superfluous Hair, and that is by the scientific method practised and perfected by Mrs. Pomeroy Ltd. What is the Treatment? It is the removal, one by one, of each Superfluous Hair. A very, very thin platinum needle is skilfully run along the hair follicle. The needle is charged with electricity, and its action destroys the root and papilla. So deftly is the work done, and so fine is the needle, that one scarcely feels it. Only the super-sensitive can call the sensation pain.

Pomeroy
Treatment
a
sure
thing.

Of course, the Pomeroy treatment requires skilled application. But more than that is needed. Everything at the Pomeroy Establishment makes for success. The method, the expensive up-to-date appliances, the experts who give the treatment, the supervision, the responsible organisation, the surroundings, the experience of 20 years' successful practice—

all these combine to make the Pomeroy Treatment a *sure thing*. No hair removed by the Pomeroy Treatment ever grows again. Other hairs may come, not in their place, but because of the tendency to grow hair. To illustrate our point. Suppose you have 100 hair follicles (which, of course, are invisible, being underneath the surface) which will *eventually* produce noticeable hairs. Now, *all* these hairs will not mature at once. Say there are 30 visible now. Having these 30 removed will not prevent the growth of the other 70. But to have them removed as they appear will prevent your face being disfigured, as it certainly would be were there 30, 50, or 100 strong hairs visible.

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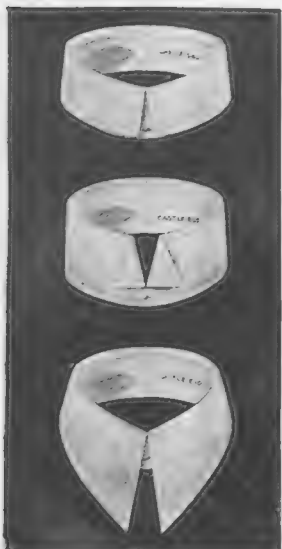
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3. The E 10, a new polo-shape with 2½ in. points and a depth at back of 1½ in., distinctly smart and comfortable, for present wear.

Although the cost of production has increased, we are still selling "Castle" Collars at an unadvanced price of per doz. 5/11 Postage, 3d. extra.

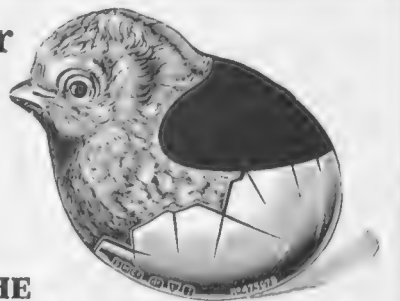
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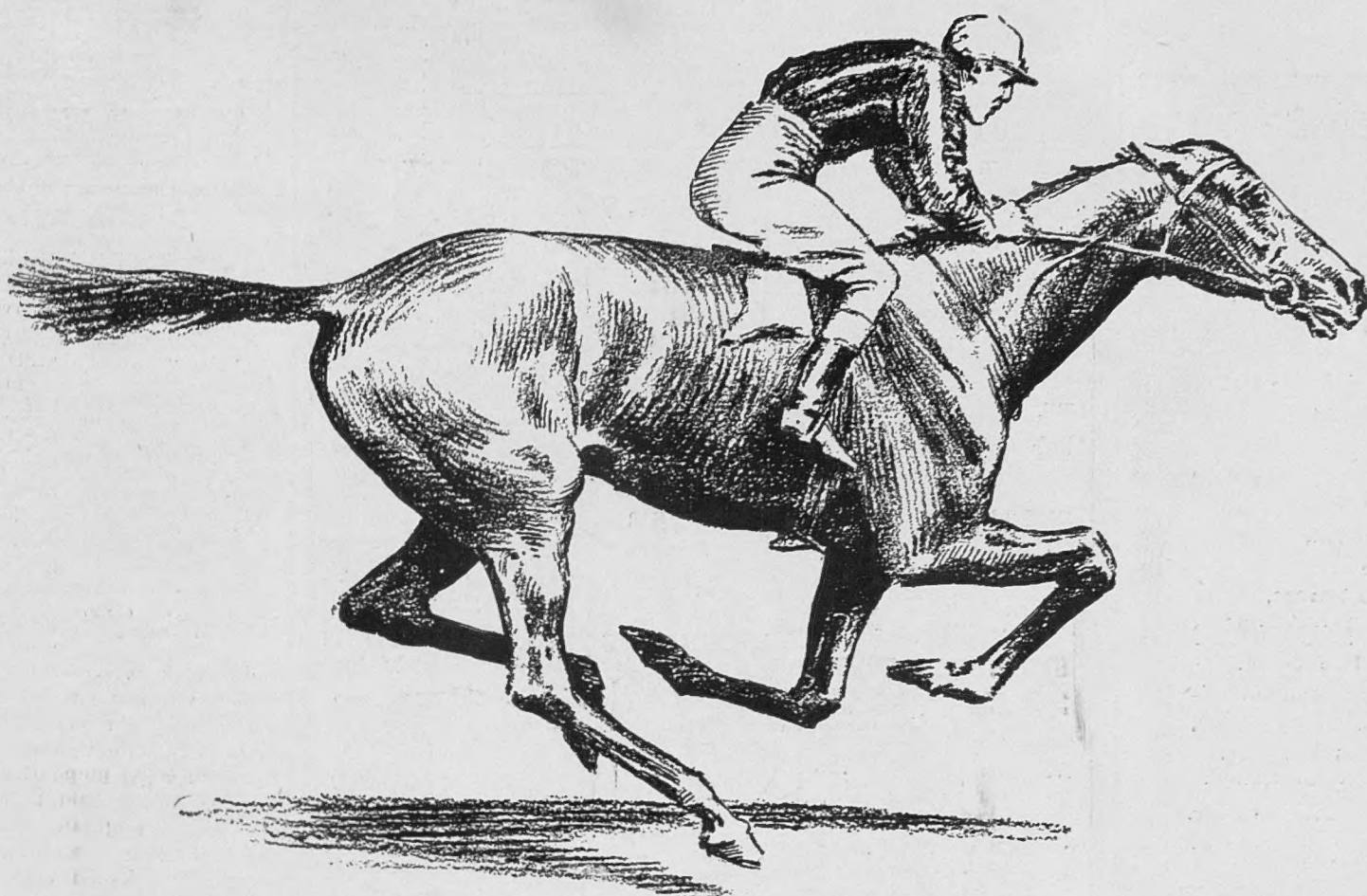


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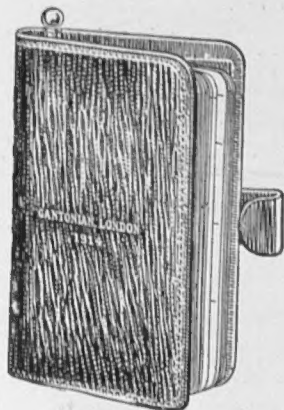
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WHEN the day of some big event draws near, and you feel the old unfailing thrill that only Sportsmen know, remember the business side of your interest in racing. Use the same caution in placing your money to the best advantage that you use in selecting your horse. Then your interest in racing will afford you the maximum of pleasure.

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A FEW HOMELY HINTS ON BEAUTY

By RITA MOYA.



RITA MOYA.
The Celebrated Comedy Actress.

Every woman should take pride in her personal appearance. If it is not possible to be beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, at least you can have the attractiveness of a pleasant expression, glossy, well-kept hair, eyes shaded by long lashes, well-marked eye-brows and a clear, natural complexion. My first advice is to avoid most manufactured "beauty preparations." Use simple, pure, natural ingredients. Use these regularly and do not make constant changes and experiments. The various things I use and advise can be bought in original packages from any reliable chemist. If they are not in stock he can at once procure them from his wholesaler if you insist.

How I Discarded an Unsightly Complexion.

How many women exclaim, as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I only could tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing! Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method and painful, too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles and so gradually, requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy, or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercialized wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

New Painless Way to Remove Hairy Growths.

It now transpires that the mysterious white paste used so successfully by many beauty specialists for ridding the skin of objectionable hairy growths is nothing more than powdered pheninol, which can be found in any chemist's shop. With pheninol and water make enough paste to cover hairy surface; apply, and in two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin, and it will be free from hair or blemish.

Shampoo and Hair Beautifier.

You complain of brittle, faded hair. You will find that keeping the scalp clean and healthy is the most effective way to restore the natural beauty and softness, but in selecting your shampoo avoid soaps or mixtures containing "free" alkali. By dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax in a cup of hot water you will have a mild, soothing, cleansing mixture that makes the head feel fine and removes all dust, dandruff and excess of oil, leaving the scalp clean and pliant, and assuring a beautiful growth of long, lustrous, fluffy hair.

No Powder Necessary.

Yes, powder has ruined more complexions than it has aided, and while you use it you can hope for nothing better than an imitation of a real complexion. Take my advice. Get from your chemist some ordinary clemite and dissolve in a little water, then you will have an ideal yet inexpensive lotion which seems a part of the skin. The result lasts all day long even under the most trying conditions. To prepare the face and neck for an evening in a hot ball-room there is nothing to equal this simple and harmless lotion.

If Eyelashes are Short.

Eyelashes will be greatly beautified if mennaline be applied at lash-roots with thumb and forefinger. A few such treatments make them grow long, silky, and curly. Thin, straggly eyebrows will grow thick and lustrous by merely rubbing mennaline on, but be careful, and don't get any where no hair is wanted.

Wonderful Growth of Hair.

Long ago I made a resolution to try and concoct a real hair-grower. My own formula, now perfected after tedious experimenting, has had the effect of giving me a wealth of hair that is surprising. Obtain from your chemist an original package of boranium and mix with this 1-pint of bay rum. Rub this into the scalp night and morning with the finger-tips. It sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

The Allenburys' Foods.

Infants fed on these Foods are neither Fretful nor Wakeful.

MILK FOOD No. 1. **MILK FOOD No. 2.** **MALTED FOOD No. 3**
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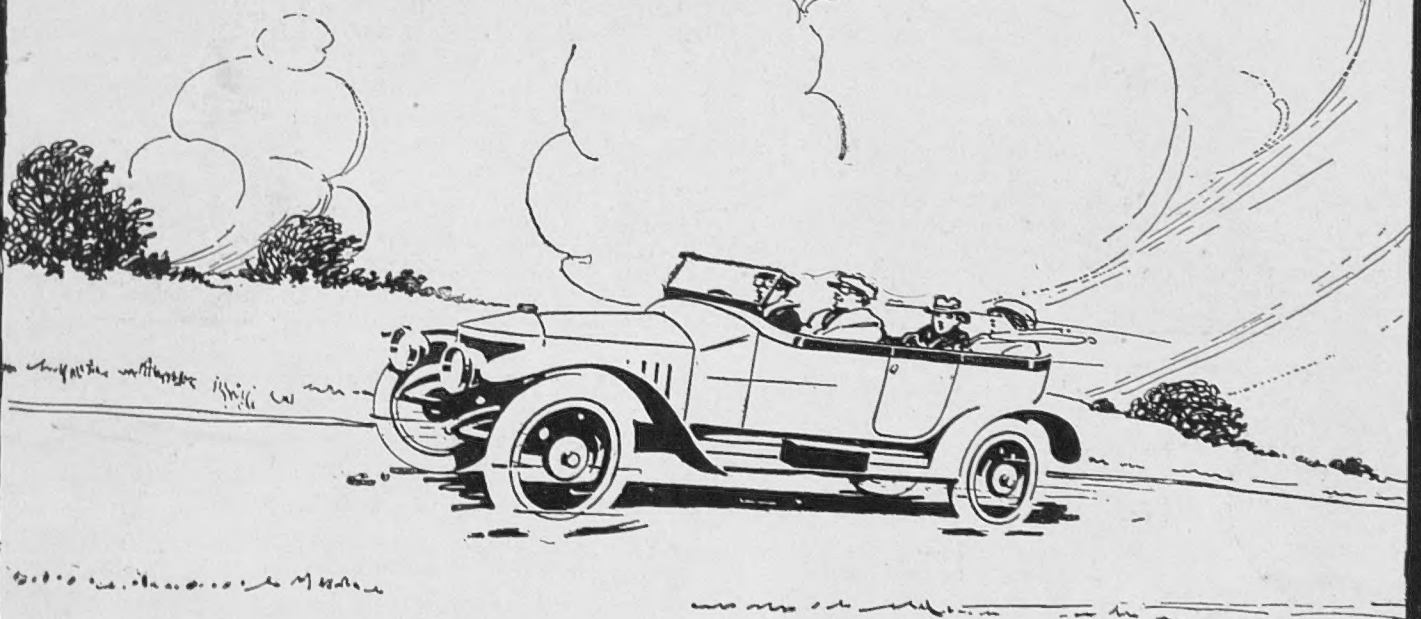
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STUDIES IN WIFEHOOD.

"A Crooked Mile."

BY OLIVER ONIONS.

(Methuen.)

Mr. Onions is finding the novel a most satisfactory personal expression, for he is a satirist, who—it is a tradition in literature—may be wise but must be witty. Amory Towers, who gave one of the "Two Kisses" of his last year's book to the museum Apollo with such high purpose, is pursued across this "Crooked Mile" of her married life—well, instead of qualifying how, it were better to say quite baldly, by Mr. Onions. No other English novelist—not even Mr. Wells, who knows a great deal about women, and about the modern woman with the ardent and active mind—could have given us the same portrait. The point of view is everything that makes any art worth while, and the stimulating quality of Mr. Onions' work is that he holds one not as an acquisition, but as an instinct. He is not like Zola, laboriously building up a case; he would as soon consciously adapt his vision of life to a philosophic or journalistic theory previously settled upon as he would walk out on to the Heath with red or blue glasses. Strength and sincerity, adorable qualities, are his. Amory he detests, Dorothy he admires; they are types distinct and eternal among women—one of the Salon, one of the Hearth. Before each he is the truthful soothsayer, interpreting her dream, unsparing and candid; but nothing can prevent him looking as if he were tasting something pleasant in the case of Dorothy, something disagreeable in that of Amory. They appeal like flavours to his mental palate. Everyone, however insensitive, has a sense of nice and nasty things to eat. Mr. Onions carries it into psychological regions, and it largely belongs to the secret of his charm. As girls we saw these two—Dorothy bent on making money; Amory rapt in student ecstasies of endeavour which she tried on herself before a mental mirror, quite as a more frivolous woman tries on a hat. Now we see them married, Amory still "trying on" before her glass—her twins, her husband, her Indians, the paper and its editor never seen but as trimmings to adorn herself with. The "first thing she had ever really known" closes this volume of her history. It is a humiliating knowledge. Dorothy, married to a nice fool, finds happiness in playing up to him, in mothering him and her children, in finding and fending, in contriving and planning within strictly domestic material limits. Well, Mr. Onions must not leave them there—or rather, he must not leave their children. Let us see Dorothy's Jacky emerge into responsible life with the inheritance

from a mother so sane, so practical, so comfortable. Show us Amory's Corin, with her dreams, her ecstasies running like a glittering thread through stout masculine fibre—even her vanity converted to ambition, as of course it would be! Let us challenge Mr. Onions to this, and thereby get another delightful book. "A Crooked Mile" is quite delightful and aboundingly witty.

"A Lady and Her Husband."

BY AMBER REEVES.

(Heinemann.)

There is something elementally cruel about the dowager system. Bees or spiders could not be more ruthless than that custom established in the heart of human civilisation. Mrs. Heyham, the heroine of the story, did not move in so exalted a sphere as to suffer such indignity—and, indeed, her husband, a kind of prosperous Lyons, still lived and prospered—but at forty-five or thereabouts Mrs. Heyham found herself, like Othello, without an occupation. She had been one of those perfect wives and mothers who pour themselves into others' lives, soothe their husband's jarred nerves exactly as they comfort their babies, and live in every stage of those babies' experience between their rattles and their marriage vows. They had gone finally from the home, even the cherished youngest daughter, who suddenly realised as she went that mother had never lived any life of her own at all—had never engaged in definite thought or action which could be said to be of her personal being. Appreciated and adored she had been in those relations towards others; outside them she did not exist. And in the empty aspect which life presented to her she looked, indeed, like not existing at all. Amber Reeves, after a tenderly painted study of so charming a mother, whose purpose and meaning had vanished with her last child, shows her pushed, reluctant, into touch with wider life. Her husband's employées, the waitresses of his tea-shops, and, through a knowledge of their needs, the large issues which form the basis of social and national life—these were the stages of her journey from the pretty drawing-room. The author makes no crude case for the W.S.P.U. Votes are not mentioned. But Mrs. Heyham may be seen after that timid plunge, taken at her husband's urging, in painful and erstwhile incredible opposition to him, in temporary flight from him, and at last in victorious assertion of a personality which could stand without the props of wifehood or motherhood, like a man's, sharing his task and existing as does he in "the clamour and promise of life." This thoughtful essay should light a star of hope for the fatal feminine forties.



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AND DUNLOP "V" GOLF BALLS.

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